THE PRINCESS OF CLEVE,

As it was Acted

AT THE

Queens Theatre

IN

DORSET-GARDEN.

By *Nat. Lee*, Gent.

Tuque, dum procedis, Io Triumphe,
Non ſemel dicemus: Io Triumphe,
Civitas omnis, dabimuſque divis
------Thura benignis. Horat.

LONDON,
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TO THE

Right Honourable *Charles* Earl of *Dorſet* and *Middleſex*, Lord Chamberlain of His Majeſties Houſhold, and one of His Majeſties moſt Honourable Privy-Council, &c.

May it pleaſe your Lordſhip,

THis Play, when it was Acted, in the Character of the Princeſs of *Jainville*, had a reſemblance of *Marguerite* in the Maſſacre of *Paris*, Siſter to *Charles* the Ninth, and Wife to *Henry* the Fourth King of *Navar*: That fatal Marriage which coſt the Blood of ſo many Thouſand Men, and the Lives of the beſt Commanders. What was borrowed in the Action is left out in the Print, and quite obliterated in the minds of Men. But the Duke of *Guiſe*, who was Notorious for a bolder Fault, has wreſted two whole Scenes from the Original, which after the Vacation he will be forc'd to pay. I was, I confeſs, through Indignation, forc'd to limb my own Child, which Time, the true Cure for all Maladies, and Injuſtice has ſet together again. The Play coſt me much pains, the Story is true, and I hope the Object will diſplay Treachery in its own Colours. But this Farce, Comedy, Tragedy or meer Play, was a Revenge for the Refuſal of the other; for when they ex-

pected the moſt poliſh'd Hero in *Nemours*, I gave 'em a Ruffian reeking from *Whetſtone's-Park*. The fourth and fifth Acts of the Chances, where *Don John* is pulling down; Marriage *Abamode*, where they are bare to the Waſte; the *Libertine*, and *Epſom-Wells*, are but Copies of his Villany. He lays about him like the *Gladiator* in the Park; they may walk by, and take no notice. I beg your Lordſhip to excuſe this account, for indeed 'tis all to introduce the Maſſacre of *Paris* to your Favour, and approve it to be play'd in its firſt Figure.

Your Lordſhips

Humble and Obedient Servant,

NAT. LEE.

This

This Song ſhould be inſerted in Act V. Scene III.

WEep all ye Nymphs, your Floods unbind,
For *Strephon*'s now no more;
Your Treſſes ſpread before the Wind,
And leave the hated Shore:
See, ſee, upon the craggy Rocks,
Each Goddeſs ſtripp'd appears;
They beat their Breaſts, and rend their Locks,
And ſwell the Sea with Tears.

II.

The God of *Love* that fatal hour,
When this poor Youth was born,
Had ſworn by *Styx* to ſhow his Power,
He'd kill a Man e'er Morn':
For *Strephon*'s Breaſt he arm'd his Dart,
And watch'd him as he came;
He cry'd, and ſhot him through the Heart,
Thy Blood ſhall quench my Flame.

III.

On *Stella*'s Lap he laid his Head,
And looking in her Eyes,
He cry'd, Remember when I'm dead,
That I deſerve the Prize:
Then down his Tears like Rivers ran,
He ſigh'd, You Love, 'tis true;
You love perhaps a better Man,
But Ah! he loves not you.

CHORUS.

WHY ſhould all things bow to Love,
Men below, and Gods above?
Why ſhould all things bow to Love?
Death and Fate more awful move,
Death below, and Fate above,
Death below, and Fate above.
Mortals, Mortals, try your ſkill,
Seeking Good, or ſhunning Ill,
Fate will be the burden ſtill,
Will be the burden ſtill,
Fate will be the burden ſtill,
Fate will be the burden ſtill.

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

TRuſt was the Glory of the foremoſt Age,
When Truth and Love with Friendſhip did engage;
When Man to Man cou'd walk with Arms entwin'd,
And vent their Griefs in ſpaces of the Wind;
Expreſs their minds, and ſpeak their thoughts as clear,
As Eaſtern Mornings op'ning to the year.
But ſince that Law and Treachery came in,
And open Honeſty was made a Sin,
Men wait for Men as Dogs for Foxes prey,
And Women wait the cloſing of the day.
There's ſcarce a man that ventures to be good,
For Truth by Knaves was never underſtood;
For there's the Curſe, when Vice o'er Vertue rules,
That all the World are Knaves or downright Fools.
So they may make advantage of th' Allay,
They'll take the Droſs and through the Gold away.
Women turn Uſurers with their own affright,
And Want's the Hag that rides 'em all the night.
The little Mob, the City Waſtcoateer,
Will pinch the Back to make the Buttock bare,
And drain the laſt poor Guinea from her Dear.
Thus Times are turn'd upon a private end,
There's ſcarce a Man that's generous to his Friend.
But there's a Monarch on a Throne ſublime,
That makes Truth Law, and gives the Poets Rhime;
Be his the buſ'neſs of our little Fates,
Our mean Contentions, and their high Debates.
By Sea and Land our moſt Imperial Lord,
With all the Praiſes Bleſt that Hearts afford,
With Lawrels Crown'd, unconquer'd by the Sword:
William *the Sovereign of our whole Affairs,*
Our Guide in Peace, and Council in the Wars.

The

The Names of the Actors.

PRince of *Cleve*	Mr. *Williams.*
Duke *Nemours*	Mr. *Betterton.*
Bellamore	Mr.
Jaques	Mr.
St. Andre	Mr. *Lee.*
Vidam of *Chartres*	Mr. *Gillo.*
Poltrot	Mr. *Nokes.*

Women.

Princeſs of *Cleve*	Mrs. *Barry.*
Tournon	Mrs. *Lee.*
Marguerite	Lady *Slingsby.*
Elianor	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Celia	Mrs.
Irene	Mrs.
La March	Mrs.

Scene *Paris.*

THE

THE Princeſs of Cleve.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Nemours, Bellamore. Fiddles Playing.

Nem. HOld there you Monſieur *Devol*; prithe leave off playing fine in Conſort, and ſtick to Time and Tune---So now the Song, call in the Eunuch; come my pretty Stallion, Hem and begin.

SONG.

ALL other Bleſſings are but Toyes
To his that in his ſleep enjoyes,
Who in his Fancy can poſſeſs
The object of his Happineſs;
The Pleaſure's purer for he ſpares
The Pains, Expenſes, and the Cares.

II.

Thus when Adonis *got the ſtone,*
To Love the Boy ſtill made his moan;
Venus *the Queen of Fancy came,*
And as he ſlept ſhe cool'd his flame;
The Fancy charm'd him as he lay,
And Fancy brought the Stone away.

Nem. Sirrah, ſtick to clean Pleaſures, deep Sleep, moderate Wine, ſincere Whores, and thou art happy; Now by this damask Cheek I love thee; keep but this gracious Form of thine in health, and I'll put thee in the way of living like a man-----What I have truſted thee with---My Love to the Princeſs of *Cleve*, Treaſure it as thy Life, nor let the *Vidam* of *Chartres* know it; for however I ſeem to cheriſh him, becauſe he has the knack of telling a Story maliciouſly, and is a great pretender to Nature, I caſt him off here---'Tis too much for him: Beſides he is her Uncle, and has a ſort of affected Honour, that wou'd make him grin to ſee me leap her----Hey *Jaques*---When Madam *Tournon* comes, bring her in; and heark you Sir, whoever comes to ſpeak with me, while ſhe is with me----

Jaq. What if the Dauphin comes?

Nem. What if his Father comes, Dog--Slave--Fool! What if *Paris* were a fire, the Preſident and Council of ſixteen at the door! I'm ſick, I'm not within---I'm a hundred mile off---My boſom Dear---So young, and yet I truſt thee too---But away, to the Princeſs of *Cleve*, thou art acquainted with her Women, watch her Motions, my ſweet-fac'd Pimp, and bring me word of her riſing.

Bell. She is a prize, my Lord, and oh what a night of pleaſure has *Cleve* had with her--the firſt too!

Nem. Any thing but what makes ſuch a pleaſure, wou'd I give for ſuch another---But be gone, and no more of this provoking diſcourſe, leſt Raviſhing ſhou'd follow thee at the heels, and ſpoil my ſober deſign. *Exeunt* ſeverally.

Enter Tournon, La March.

Jaq. Madam, my Lord was juſt now asking for you.

Tour. Go tell him I'm coming--Is he dreſs'd?

Jaq. Yes--But your Ladiſhip knows that's all one to him--

Tour. Honeſt *Jaques*, 'tis pity ſuch Honeſty ſhould not be encourag'd---

Jaq. This comes of Pimping, which ſhe calls Honeſty. *Exit. Jaq.*

Tour. Thus thou mayſt ſee the method of the Queen---We are the lucky Sieves, where fond men truſt their Hearts, and ſo ſhe ſifts 'em through us---

La M. What of *Nemours*, whom you thus early viſit?

Tour.

Tour. The Queen deſigns to rob him of a Miſtreſs, *Marguerite* the Princeſs of *Janvill*, whom he keeps from the knowledge of the Court; and if the Queen be a Judge, is contracted to her---
The Dauphin loves her too, whereon the Queen,
Who works the Court quite round by Womankind,
And thinks this way to mould his ſupple Soul,
Reſolves, if poſſible, to gain her for him.

La M. But how is't poſſible to work the Princeſs from the Duke *Nemours*, who loves him as the Queen affects Ambition.

Tour. Why thus ſhe knows *Nemours* his Soul is bent
Upon variety, therefore to gain her ends
She has made me Sacrifice my Honour, nay
I'm become his Bawd, and ply him ev'ry day
With ſome new face, to wean his heart
From *Marguerite*'s Form, nor muſt you longer be
Without your part.

La M. Employ me, for you know the Queen commands me.

Tour. There was a Letter dropt in the Tennis-Court
Out of *Nemours* his Pocket, as I'm told,
And read laſt night in the preſence---'Tis your Task
Slily to inſinuate with *Marguerite.*
This Note which came from ſome abandon'd Miſtreſs,
Is certainly the Dukes----

La M. Then Jealouſie's the ground on which you build.

Tour. Right, we muſt make 'em jealous of each other; Jealouſie breeds diſdain in haughty minds, and ſo from the extreams of violent Love, proceeds to fierceſt hate. But ſee
the gay, the brisk, the topping Gallant St. *Andre* [*Enter St.* A.
here, Couzen to *Poltrot*, who arrived from *England*
with a pretty Wife laſt week, and Lodges in the Palace of this his related Fool---St. *Andre* has a Wife too of my acquaintance---
Both for the Duke my Dear; but haſte I'm call'd--[*Exit* La March.

Jaq. Madam--- *Tour.* I go. [*Exit* Tournon.

St. A. Monſieur *Jaques*, your moſt obliged faithful humble Servant. What, his Grace continues the old Trade I ſee, by the Flux of Bawds and Whores that choak up his Avenues, and I muſt confeſs, excepting my ſelf, there's no man ſo built for Whoring

as his Grace, black ſanguine Brawny---a Roman Noſe---long Foot and a ſtiff---calf of a Leg.

Jaq. Your Lordſhip has all theſe in Perfection.

St. A. Sir your moſt faithful obliged humble Servant. Boy---

B. My Lord--- *St. A.* How many Bottles laſt night?

B. Five my Lord. *St. A.* Boy. *B.* My Lord.

St. A. How many Whores? *B.* Six my Lord.

St. A. Boy--- *B.* My Lord.

St. A. What Quarrels, how many did I kill?

B. Not one my Lord--- But the night before you Hamſtrung a Beadle, and run a Link-man in the Back---

St. A. What, and no Blood nor Blows laſt night?

B. O yes my Lord, now I remember me, you drew upon a Gentleman that knock'd you down with a Bottle.

St. A. Not ſo loud you Urchin, leſt I twiſt your neck round--- Monſieur *Jaques* is his Grace ſtirring?

Jaq. My Lord, he's at Council---

St. A. Od I beg his Pardon, pray give my duty to him, and tell him, if he pleaſed to hear a languiſhing Air or two, I am at the Princeſs of *Cleve*'s with a Serenade---Go Raskal, go to Monſieur *Poltrot*---tell him he'll be too late---Black airy ſhape---but then Madam *Cleve* is Vertuous, Chaſt, Cold---Gad I'll write to her, and then ſhe's mine directly, for 'tis but reaſon of courſe, that he that has been Yoak'd to ſo many Dutcheſſes, ſhould at laſt back a Princeſs: Sir, your moſt obliged faithful and very humble Servant Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Nemours, Tournon.

Tour. UNdone, undone! will your ſinful Grace never give over, will you never leave Ruining of Bodies and Damning of Souls---cou'd you imagine that I came for this? What have you done?

Nem. No harm, pretty Rogue, no harm, nay, prithee leave blubbering.

Tour. 'Tis blubbering now, plain blubbering, but before you had your will 'twas another tone; why Madam do you waſt thoſe

thoſe precious Tears, each falling drop ſhines like an Orient Pearl, and ſets a Gaity on a Face of Sorrow.

Nem. Thou art certainly the pleaſanteſt of Womankind, and I the happieſt of Men; dear delightful Rogue, let's have another Main like a winning Gameſter, I long to make it t'other hundred Pound.

Tour. Inconſiderate horrid Peer, will you Damn your Soul deeper and deeper, can you be thus inſenſible of your Crime?

Nem. Why there's it, I was as a man may be, very dry, and thou kind Soul, gav'ſt me a good draught of Drink; now 'tis ſtrange to me, if a man muſt be Damn'd for quenching his thirſt.

Tour. Ha, Ha---Well, I'll ſwear you are ſuch another man---who wou'd have thought you cou'd delude a Woman thus, and a Woman of Honour too, that reſolv'd ſo much againſt it; Ah my Lord! your Grace has a cunning Tongue.

Nem. No cunning *Tournon*, my way is downright, leaving Body, State and Spirit, all for a pretty Woman, and when gray Hairs, Gout and Impotence come, no more but this, drink away pain, and be gathered to my Fathers.

Tour. Oh thou diſſembler, give me your hand, this ſoft, this faithleſs violating hand, Heaven knows what this hand has to anſwer for.

Nem. And for this hand, with theſe long, white, round, pretty Bobbins, t'has the kindeſt gripe, and I ſo love it, now Gad's Bleſſing on't, that's all I ſay---But come tell me, what no new Game, for thou knoweſt I dye directly without variety.

Tour. Certainly never Woman lov'd like me, who am not ſatisfied with ſacrificing my own Honour, unleſs I rob my delights by undoing others---

Nem. Come, come, out with it, I ſee thou art big with ſome new Intrigue, and it labours for a vent.

Tour. What think you of *St. Andre*'s Lady?

Nem. That I'm in Bed with her, becauſe thou darſt befriend me.

Tour. Nay, there's more---Monſieur *Poltrot* lodges in his Houſe, with a young Engliſh Wife of the true breed, and the prettier of the two.

Nem. Excellent Creature, but command me ſomething extravagant, as thy kindneſs, State, Life and Honour.

Tour.

Tour. Yet all this will be loſt when you are married to *Marguerite.*

Nem. Never, by Heaven I'm thine, with all the heat and vigorous Inſpiration of an unfleſh'd Lover---and ſo will be while young Limbs and Lechery hold together, and that's a Bond methinks ſhou'd laſt till Doomſday.

Tour. But do you believe if *Marguerite* ſhou'd know---

Nem. The queſtion's too grave---when and where ſhall I ſee the Gems thou haſt in ſtore?

Tour. By Noon or thereabouts; take a turn in *Lunemburg* Garden, and one, if not both, ſhall meet you.

Nem. And thou'lt appear in Perſon?

Tour. With Colours flying, a Handkerchief held out; and yet methinks it goes againſt my Conſcience.

Nem. Away, that ſerious look has made thee old:
Conſcience and Conſideration in a young Woman too?
It makes a Bawd of thee before thy time.
Nay, now thou put'ſt me in Poetick Rapture,
And I muſt quote *Ronſard* to puniſh thee:
Call all your Wives to Council, and prepare
To Tempt, Diſſemble, Flatter, Lye and Swear;
To make her mine, uſe all your utmoſt skill,
Vertue! An ill-bred croſneſs in the will;
Honour a Notion, Piety a Cheat,
Prove but ſucceſsful Bawds and you are great.
Come, thou wilt meet me.

Tour. 'Tis reſolv'd I will, till which time, thou dear Man—

Nem. Thou pretty Woman. *Tour.* Thou very dear Man.

Nem. Thou very pretty Woman one Kiſs. *Tour.* Hey Ho---

Nem. Now all the Gods go with thee---

Tour. A word my Lord, you are acquainted with theſe Fops; ſet 'em in the modiſh way of abuſing their Wives, they are turning already, and that will certainly bring 'em about.

Nem. *Bellamore* ſhall do't with leſs ſuſpicion: farewell--[*Exit* Tour. Hey *Jaques*--- *Enter* Jaques *with the* Vidam.

Jaq. Ha! my grave Lord of *Chartres*, welcome as Health, as Wine, and taking Whores---and tell me now the buſ'neſs of the Court.

Vid. Hold it *Nemours* for ever at defiance,
Fogs of ill humour, damps of Melancholy,

Old

Old Maids of fifty choak'd with eternal Vapours,
Stuff it with fulſome Honour---dozing Vertue,
And everlaſting dullneſs husk it round,
Since he that was the Life, the Soul of Pleaſure,
Count *Roſidore*, is dead.

Nem. Then we may ſay
Wit was and Satyr is a Carcaſs now.
I thought his laſt Debauch wou'd be his Death---
But is it certain ?

Vid. Yes I ſaw him duſt.
I ſaw the mighty thing a nothing made,
Huddled with Worms, and ſwept to that cold Den,
Where Kings lye crumbled juſt like other Men.

Nem. Nay then let's Rave and Elegize together,
Where *Roſidore* is now but common clay,
Whom every wiſer Emmet bears away,
And lays him up againſt a Winters day.

He was the Spirit of Wit---and had ſuch an art in guilding his Failures, that it was hard not to love his Faults: He never ſpoke a Witty thing twice, tho to different Perſons; his Imperfections were catching, and his Genius was ſo Luxuriant, that he was forc'd to tame it with a Heſitation in his Speech to keep it in view---But oh how awkard, how inſipid, how poor and wretchedly dull is the imitation of thoſe that have all the affectation of his Verſe and none of his Wit. *Enter* Jaques.

Jaq. My Lord, Monſieur *Poltrot* deſires to kiſs your Grace's hand.

Nem. Let's have him to drive away our Melancholy---

Vid. I wonder what pleaſure you can take in ſuch dull Dogs, Aſſes, Fools.

Nem. But this is a particular Fool Man, Fate's own Fool, and perhaps it will never hit the like again, he's ever the ſame thing, yet always pleaſing, ; in ſhort, he's a finiſh'd Fool, and has a fine Wife ; add to this his late leaving the Court of *France*, and going to *England* to learn breeding. *Enter* Poltrot.

Pol. My Lord Duke, your Grace's moſt obedient humble Servant, My Lord of *Chartres* and Monſieur *Jaques*, yours Monſieur; *St. Andre* deſires your Grace's preſence at a Serenade of mine and his together---And I muſt tell your Grace by the way, he is a great Maſter, and the fondeſt thing of my Labours---

Nem.

Nem. And the greateſt Oaf in the World.

Pol. How my Lord---

Vid. The whole Court wonders you will keep him company.

Nem. Such a paſſive Raskal, he had his Shins broke laſt night in the Preſence, and were it not fear'd you wou'd ſecond him, he wou'd be kick'd out of all Society.

Pol. I Second him my Lord, I'll ſee him Damn'd e'er I'll be Second to any Fool in Chriſtendom---For to tell your Grace the truth, I keep him company and lye at his Houſe, becauſe I intend to lye with his Wife; a trick I learnt ſince I went into *England*, where o'my Conſcience Cuckoldom is the Deſtiny of above half the Nation. *Nem.* Indeed!

Pol. O there's not ſuch another Drinking, Scowring, Roaring, Whoreing Nation in the World---And for little *London*, to my knowledge, if a Bill were taken of the weekly Cuckolds, it wou'd amount to more than the Number of Chriſtnings and Burials put together.

Vid. What, and were you acquainted with the Wits?

Pol. O Lord Sir, I liv'd in the City a whole year together, my Lord Mayor and I, and the Common-Council were ſworn Brothers---I cou'd ſing you twenty Catches and Drolls that I made for their Feaſt-days,but at preſent I'll only hint you one or two---

Nem. Pray do us the Favour Sir.

Pol. Why look you Sir, this is one of my chief ones, and I'll aſſure your Grace, 'twas much Sung at Court too.

O to Bed to me--- to Bed to me---&c.

Nem. Excellent, incomparable.

Pol. Why is it not my Lord? This is no Kickſhaw, there's ſubſtance in the Air, and weight in the words; nay, I'll give your Grace a taſte of another, the Tune is, let me ſee---Ay, Ay---

Give me the Laſs that is true Country bred---

But I'll preſent your Grace with ſome words of my own, that I made on my Wife before I married her, as ſhe ſate ſinging one day in a low Parlour and playing on the Virginals.

Nem. For Heavens ſake oblige us dear pleaſant Creature---

Pol. I'll ſwear I'm ſo tickliſh you'll put me out my Lord, for I am as wanton as any little *Bartholomew* Bore-Pig---

Vid. Dear ſoft delicate Rogue ſing.

Pol.

Pol. Nay, I proteſt my Lord, I vow and ſwear, but you'll make me run to a Whore---Lord Sir, what do you mean?

Nem. Come then begin--- *Poltrot* Sings.

PHillis *is ſoft*, Phillis *is plump*,
And Beauty made up this delicate lump:
Like a Roſe bud ſhe looks, like a Lilly ſhe ſmells,
And her Voice is a Note above ſweet Philomel's.

Now a little Smutty my Lord is the faſhion---

II.

Her Breaſts are two Hillocks where Hearts lye and pant,
In the Herbage ſo ſoft, for a thing that they want;
But Mum Sir for that, tho a notable Jeſt,
For if I ſhou'd name it you'd call me a Beaſt.

Enter St. Andre *without his Hat and Wig.*

St. A. My Lord, the Serenade is juſt begun, and if you don't come juſt in the nick---I beg your Grace's Pardon for interrupting you---But if you have a mind to hear the ſweeteſt Airs in the World--- *Nem.* With all my heart Sir---

Pol. Nay, ſince your Grace has put my hand in, I'll ſing you my Lord, before you go, the ſofteſt thing---compos'd in the Nonage of my Muſe; yet ſuch a one as our beſt Authors borrow from. Nay, I'll be judg'd by your Grace, if they do not ſteal their Dying from my Killing---

St. A. Nay prithee *Poltrot* thou art ſo impertinent.

Pol. No more impertinent than your ſelf Sir, nor do I doubt Sir, but my Character ſhall be drawn by the Poets for a Man of Wit and Senſe Sir, as well as your ſelf Sir---

Vid. Ay I'll be ſworn ſhall it---

Pol. For I know how to Repartee with the beſt, to Rally my Wife, to kick her too if I pleaſe Sir, to make Similes as faſt as Hops Sir, tho I lay a dying ſlap daſh Sir, quickly off and quickly on Sir, and as round as a Hoop Sir—

St. A. I grant you Dear Bully all this, but let's have your Song another time, becauſe mine are begun.

Pol. Nay, look you Dear Rogue, mine is but a Prologue to your Play, and by your leave his Grace has a mind to hear it, and he ſhall hear it Sir—

Nem. Ay and will hear it Sir, tho the Great Turk were at St. *Dennis*'s Gate; come along my *Orpheus*, and then Sir we'll follow you to the Prince of *Cleve*'s—

Ballad—*When* Phœbus *had fetch'd*, &c. [*Exeunt Singing.*

SCENE III.

The Prince of Cleve's *Palace. Muſick.*

SONG.

IN a Room for Delight, the Landskip of Love,
Like a ſhady old Lawn
With the Curtains half drawn,
My Love and I lay, in the cool of the day,
Till our Joyes did remove.

II.

So fierce was our Fight, and ſo ſmart e'ry ſtroak,
That Love the little Scout
Was put to the Rout;
His Bow was unbent, e'ry Arrow was ſpent,
And his Quiver all broke.

Enter Vidam, Nemours.

Nem. I have loſt my Letter, and by your Deſcription
It muſt be that which the Queen read at Court.
But are you ſure the Princeſs of *Cleve* has ſeen it?

Vid. Why are you ſo concern'd, does your wild Love
Turn that way too—She is too Grave.

Nem. Too Grave, as if I cou'd not laugh with this, and try with that, and veer with every guſt of Paſſion—But has ſhe ſeen it?

Vid. She has the Letter, the Queen Dauphin ſent it her.

Nem. Then you muſt own it on occaſion, and whatever elſe I ſhall put upon your Perſon— *Vid.* Why?

Nem. Leſt it ſhou'd reach the Ears of *Marguerite*,
For, Oh my *Vidam*! 'tis ſuch a ranting Devil,
If ſhe believes this Letter mine, when next
We meet, beware my Locks and Eyes—No more,
But this remember that, you own it. [*Exit.*

Enter St. Andre *and* Poltrot.

St. A. His Bow was unbent, &c. [*Singing with* Poltrot.
Come, my Lord, we'll have all over agen. *Enter*

Enter the Prince of Cleve.

Vid. See, we have rais'd the Prince of *Cleve*:
My Lord, good Morrow—

P.*C.* Good morrow my good Lord—Save you my dear *Nemours*!

P*ol.* Give you Joy my Lord: What a little blew under the Eyes, Ha, Ha—

St. A. Give you Joy my Lord: Ha, my Lord, Ha. [*Holds up 3 Fing.*

P*ol.* Ha, my Lord, Ha— [*Holding up five Fingers.*

P. *C.* You are merry Gentlemen—I am not in the vein,
Therefore, Dear *Chartres*, take theſe Fingers hence.

St. A. My Lord, you look a little heavy, ſhall we Dance, Sing, Fence, take the Air, Ride—

Vid. Come away Sir, the Prince is indiſpos'd.

St. A. Gad I remember now I talk of riding, at the Tournament of *Mete*, as I was riding the great Horſe---

Vid. Leave off your Lying, and come along.

St. A. With three puſhes of Pike, and ſix hits of Sword, I wounded the Duke of *Ferrara*, Duke of *Millain*, Duke of P*arma*, Prince of *Cleve*---

P. *C.* My Lord, I was not there---

St. A. My Lord---I beg your Lordſhips pardon, I meant the *Vidam* of *Chartres*.

Vid. You Lye, I was then at *Rome*.

St. A. My Lord---

P*ol.* Ha, Ha---Lord, Lord, how this World is given to Lying! Ha---Come, come, you're damnably out, come away.

St. A. My Lord, I beg your pardon, I ſee you are indiſpos'd, beſides the Queen oblig'd me this Morning to let 'em chooſe Colours for my Complexion---

Vid. Heark you, will you go or ſhall I--[P*ulling him off by the Noſe.*

St. A. My Friend, my Lord you ſee, is a little Familiar, but I am ever your Highneſs's moſt humble faithful obedient Servant.
[*Exeunt.*

Manet P. *Cleve.*

Full of himſelf, the happy Man is gone;
Why was not I too caſt in ſuch a Mould?
To think like him, or not to think at all.

Enter the Princeſs of Cleve.

Had he a Bride like me, Earth wou'd not bear him:
But Oh I wiſh that it might cover me!
Since *Chartres* cannot love me: Oh I found it!
Laſt night I found it in her cold Embraces;
Her Lips too cold---Cold as the Dew of Death:
And ſtill whene'er I preſt her in my arms,
I found my Boſom all afloat with Tears.

Princeſs C. He weeps, O Heaven! my Lord--the Prince of *Cleve.*

P. *C.* My Life, my Deareſt part!

Princeſs C. Why Sighs my Lord?
What have I done Sir, thus to diſcompoſe you?

P. *C.* Nothing.

Princeſs C. Ah Sir, there is a Grief within,
And you wou'd hide it from me.

P. *C.* Nothing my *Chartres*, nothing here but Love.

Princeſs C. Alas, my Lord, you hide that Secret from me,
Which I muſt know or think you never lov'd me.

P. *C.* Ah Princeſs! that you lov'd but half ſo well!

Princeſs C. I have it then, you think me Criminal,
And tax my Honour---

P. *C.* Oh forbid it Heaven---
But ſince you preſs me Madam, let me ask you,
Why when the Princeſs led you to the Altar,
Why cak'd the Tears upon your Bloodleſs Face?
Why ſigh'd you when your hand was claſp'd with mine?
As if your Heart, your Heart refus'd to joyn.

Princeſs C. Ah Sir---

P. *C.* Behold, you're daſh'd with the remembrance;
Why when my Hopes were fierce, and Joys grew ſtrong,
Why were you carri'd like a Coarſe along?
When like a Victim by my ſide you lay,
Why did you Gaſp, why did you Swoon away?
O ſpeak---
You have a Soul ſo open and ſo clear,
That if there be a Fault it muſt appear.

Princeſs C. Alas you are not skill'd in Beauties cares,
For Oh! when once the god his Wrath declares;

And Stygian Oaths have wing'd the bloody Dart,
To make its paſſage thro the Virgins Heart:
She hides her Wound, and haſting to the Grove,
Scarce whiſp'ring to the Winds her conſcious Love.
The touch of him ſhe loves ſhe'll not endure,
But Weeps and Bleeds, and ſtrives againſt the Cure:
So judge of me when any Grief appears,
Believe my Sighs are kind, and truſt my Tears.
P. C. Vaniſh my Doubts, and Jealouſies be gon---
On thy lov'd Boſom let me break my Joy,
O only Sweets that Fill,but never Cloy:
And was it, was it only Virgins fear?
But ſpeak for ever and I'll ever hear.
Repeat, and let the Ecchoes deal it round,
While liſt'ning Angels bend to catch the Sound;
Nay, Sigh and Weep, drain all thy precious Store,
Be kind, as now, and I'll complain no more. [*Exit.*
Princeſs C. Was ever Man ſo worthy to be lov'd,
So good, ſo gentle, ſoft a Diſpoſition,
As if no Gaul had mixt with his Creation:
So tender and ſo fearful to diſpleaſe,
No barbarous Heart but thine wou'd ſtop his entrance;
But thou Inhumane baniſht him from his own.
And while the Lordly Maſter lyes without, [*Enter* Iren.
Thou Trait'reſs, Rioteſts with a Thief within.
Iren. Ah Madam, what new Grief!
Princeſs C. Alaſs *Iren*,
Thou Treaſurer of my thoughts---
What ſhall I do? how ſhall I chaſe *Nemours*,
That Robber, Raviſher of my Repoſe?
Iren. For the great care you wiſh, may I enquire
Whether you think the Duke inſenſible,
Indifferent to the reſt of Woman-kind?
Princeſs C. I muſt confeſs I did not think him ſo
Tho now I do---But wou'd give half my Blood
To think him otherwiſe---
Iren. Without the Expenſe,
There take your wiſh,---a Letter which he dropt

In

In the Tennis-court, given the Queen Dauphin
By her Page, and ſent to you to read for your Diverſion.

Princeſs C. Alas! *Iren*---
Why trembles thus my Hand, why beats my Heart?
But let us Read---

Reads---

Your affection has been divided betwixt me and another, you are Falſe---a Traytor to the trueſt Love---never ſee me more—

Princeſs C. Ah 'tis too plain, I thought as much before; but Oh! we are too apt to excuſe the faults of thoſe we love, and fond of our own undoing.
Support me Oh to bear this dreadful pang,
This ſtab to all my gather'd Reſolution.

Iren. Read it agen, and call Revenge to aid you.

Princeſs C. Perhaps he makes his boaſt too of the Conqueſt,
For Oh! my Heart he knows too well, my Paſſion—
But as thou haſt inſpir'd me, I'll revenge
The Affront, and caſt him from my Poyſon'd Breaſt,
To make him room that merits all my thoughts.

Enter the Prince *of* Cleve *with* Nemours.

P. C. Madam there is a Letter fall'n by accident into your hands—my Friend comes in behalf of the *Vidam* of *Chartres* to retrieve it, when I am diſmiſs'd from the King my Lord, I'll wait you here again.

Nem. My Lord—

P. C. Not a ſtep further. [*Exit* P. C.

Nem. Madam, I come moſt humbly to enquire, whether the Dauphin Queen ſent you a Letter which the *Vidam* loſt?

Princeſs C. Sir, you had better
Find the Queen Dauphin out, tell her the truth,
For ſhe's inform'd the Letter is your own.

Nem. Ah Madam! I have nothing to confeſs
In this Affair—or if I had, believe me,
Believe theſe Sighs that will not be kept in,
I ſhou'd not tell it to the Dauphin Queen.
But to the purpoſe; Know my Lord of *Chartres*
Receiv'd the Note you ſaw, from Madam *Tournon*,
A former Miſtreſs—But the Secret's this—

The Siſter of our *Henry* long has lov'd him.
Princeſs C. I thought the King intended her for *Savoy*.
Nem. True Madam, but the *Vidam* is beloy'd;
In ſhort, he dropt the Letter, and deſir'd,
For fear of her he loves, that I wou'd own it;
I promis'd too to trace the Buſineſs for him,
And if 'twere poſſible, regain the Letter.
Princeſs C. The *Vidam* then has ſhewn but ſmall Diſcretion,
Being engag'd ſo high—
Why did he not burn the Letter?
Nem. But Madam, ſhall I dare preſume to ſay,
'Tis hard to be in Love and to be wiſe?
Oh did you know like him—like him! Like me,
What 'tis to languiſh in thoſe reſtleſs Fires.
Princeſs C. *Iren*, *Iren*, reſtore the Duke his Letter. [*Enter* Iren.
Nem. Madam, You've bound me ever to your Service,
But I'll retire and ſtudy to repay,
If ought but death can quit the Obligation. [*Exit.*
Princeſs C. O 'tis too much, I'm loſt, I'm loſt agen—
The Duke has clear'd himſelf, to the confuſion
Of all my ſettl'd Rage, and vow'd Revenge;
And now he ſhews more lovely than before:
He comes agen to wake my ſleeping Paſſion,
To rouze me into Torture; O the Racks
Of hopeleſs Love! it ſhoots, it glows, it burns,
And thou alas! ſhalt ſhortly cloſe my Eyes.
Iren. Alas! you're pale already.
Princeſs C. Oh *Iren*—
Methinks I ſee Fate ſet two Bowls before me,
Poyſon and Health, a Husband and *Nemours*;
But ſee with what a whirl my Paſſions move,
I loath the Cordial of my Husband's Love;
But when *Nemours* my Fancy does recal,
The Bane's ſo ſweet that I cou'd drink it all.

Finis Actus Primi.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Tournon, La March.

Tour. IT works, my Dear, it works beyond belief,
The Letter which he loſt has ſprung a Mine
That ſhatters all the Court, each Jealous Dutcheſs
Concludes her Man concern'd, and ſtrait employs
A Confident to find the Myſtery out.
But that which takes the Queen, and makes me dye
With Pleaſure, is, that *Marguerite* thinks
Spite of the Imprecations of *Nemours*,
The Letter ſent to him—

La M. I ſee 'em move this way.

Tour. Haſt to St. *Andre*'s Palace, watch their Wives, till I appear—I have promis'd *Nemours* an Afternoon Aſſignation with 'em in *Luxemburg* Garden, but I will antedate the bus'neſs as he is waiting, and ſet *Marguerite* upon him juſt as he meets 'em, which will heighten the deſign; be gone while I attend the bus'neſs here—

[*Exit* La March.

Enter Marguerite, Nemours.

Marg. Away, you have combin'd to ruine me, [*The* Vidam.
You have conſpir'd the Death of her you hate;
But tell me, Oh! confeſs and I'll forgive thee;
Say it was thine, nay, look not on the *Vidam*,
There is Diſcourſe in Eyes, Conſent, Denial,
All underſtood by looks, ſay it was thine,
Confeſs, and lay this Tempeſt with a word.
Not yet? why then I'll have it in deſpite
Of thee and him, I'll ſell my Soul to Hell,
If Woman can be worth the Devil's purchaſe,
After ſhe has been blown upon by Man;
That I may tell thee, as I ſink for ever,
Thou haſt been Falſe.

Nem. You have heard me more than once
Affirm, the *Vidam* (if you'll give him leave)
Will own it to your Face.

Marg.

Marg. Furies and Hell!——

Tour. Have Patience for an hour, I'll bring you to the place, where, if you pleaſe, you may fleſh your Fingers in the Blood of thoſe young Women, whom he meets to enjoy.

Marg. No, no, I have a better Caſt, if I can conquer this riſing Spleen—How long will it be e'er your call me?

Tour. An hour or thereabouts——

Marg. And by that time I'll put on a Diſguiſe; fail not——

Tour. But what do you intend?

Marg. I know not yet my ſelf; Revenge——

Tour. You had a Lover once, *Francis* the Dauphin——

Marg. Be that then the laſt Card——I know not what;
The Dauphin ſhall——I'll do't, and openly affront him——
And as the little Worſhippers adore me,
Spy the Duke out, and leaning on the Prince,
Enquire who's that: It ſhall be ſo, I will——
Revenge, Revenge, and ſhew thy ſelf true Woman.
Down then, proud Heart, down Woman, down, I'll try,
I'll do't, I've ſworn, to curb my Will or dye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

St. Andre, Poltrot, Bellamore.

Bell. WELL, Gentlemen, good Morrow, and remember my Counſel.

Pol. What, to bear our ſelves like Men of Wit and Senſe, Snub our Wives, Rally 'em, and be as Witty as the Devil?

St. A. With all my heart, 'tis not my time of Aſſignation yet with my Dutcheſſes, and this is very Faſhionable.

Bell. I've put you in the way—And ſo good Morrow. [*Exit.*

Pol. They come, they come, [*Enter* Elianor *and* Celia.
Walk by 'em, take no notice, and Repeat Verſes.

Phillis did in ſo ſtrange a Poſture lye
Panting and Breathleſs, languiſhing her Eye,
She ſeem'd to live, and yet ſhe ſeem'd to Dye.

St. A. I grow ſick of the Wife—Prithe *Poltrot* let's go.

Pol. Whither thou wilt, ſo we get rid of 'em——Z'life I am as weary of mine, as a Modiſh Lady of her old Cloaths——

Cel. What does the Maggot bite, you muſt be jogging from this place of little Eaſe? yet I am reſolv'd to know ſome reaſon, why a Wife may not be as good Company as a Wench.

Pol. Prithe Spouſe——do not provoke me, for I'm in the Witty Vein, and ſhall Repartee thee to the Devil.

El. Pray, *St. Andre*, leave triſing your Curls, your affected Nods, Grimaces, taking of Snuff, and anſwer me—— Why are we not as pleaſing as formerly?

St. A. Why, *Nell*——Gad 'tis ſpecial——This *Amarum* is very pungent——Why, *Nell*, I can give no more reaſon for my change of humour, than for the turning of a Weather-cock; only this, I love Whoring, becauſe I love Whoring.

Pol. Nay, ſince you provoke us, know I can give a reaſon; we run after Whores, becauſe you bar us from 'em——As ſome take pleaſure to go a Deer-ſteeling that have fine Parks of their own——Gad, and there I was with her——This itch of the Blood, Spouſe, is nothing but a Spice of the firſt great Jilt your Grand-mother *Eve*; we long for the Fruit, becauſe it is forbidden.

St. A. Nay, that's not all, for Miſſes are really more pleaſant than a Wife can be, *Probatum eſt.* A Wife dares not aſſume the Liberty of pleaſing like a Miſs, for fear of being thought one. A Wife may pretend to dutiful affection, and buſtle below, but muſt be ſtill at night. 'Tis Miſs alone may be allow'd Flame and Rapture, and all that——

Cel. Yet how do you know, but a Wife may have Flame and Rapture, and all that——

Pol. 'Tis impoſſible, 'tis the Nature of a Wife to be as cold as a Stone——There's Slap Daſh for you——

Cel. Yet out of a Stone a Man of Senſe wou'd ſtrike Fire: There's Slap Daſh for you——

El. Will you be Conſtant to us, if we make it appear by your own Confeſſion, that we can pleaſe as well as the ſubtl'ſt She that ever charm'd you?

St. A. Till which Miracle come to paſs, ſince 'twas your own Propoſition, I *St. Andre* and thou *Elianor* come not between a pair of Sheets——

El. How ſhou'd they know then?

Pol. Nor I *Antony* with thee *Celia.*

El. But we hope you are not in earneſt, you cannot be ſo Inhumane.

Cel. 'Tis a Curſe beyond all Curſes, to have a Man that can and will not; 'tis worſe than teaching a Fool, or leading the Blind.

El. To Marry and live thus, is to be like Fiſh in Froſty Weather, have Water, but pine for want of Air.

Cel. Yet, who knows but Heav'n may ſend ſome Kind Good Man, that in meer pity may break the Ice, and give us a Breathing?

El. Can you be ſo hard-hearted?

Pol. Come Bully, let's away, for fear we ſhou'd melt; look ye Spouſes of ours, if our Wenches prove ill-humour'd, we'll come back to you.

St. A. Agreed, rather than grow Ruſty let our Wives File us——But I thank Heav'n 'tis not come to that yet——There's no ſuch want,

I'll

I'll have you to know *Nell*, there's no Woman can reſiſt me if ſhe wou'd, no Dutcheſs ſcapes me, if I make it my bus'neſs to compaſs her.

Pol. Any Man of Wit and Senſe like us, Charms all Women, as one Key unlocks all Doors at Court——Nay, I'll ſay a bold word for my ſelf, Turn me to the ſharpeſt Shrow that ever Bit or Scratch'd, if I do not make her feed out of my hand like a tame Pidgeon, may I be condemn'd to lye with my Wife.

Eli. Fleſh and Blood can endure no longer, you are the vaineſt lying Fellows that ever liv'd, you compaſs a Dutcheſs——There's not a Foot-man but wou'd ſhame you.

St. A. Z'Death and Fury, if they ſhou'd try——

Cel. You pitiful, ſneaking, raſcally Cuckold, countenanc'd Scoundrels, that dare Beſpatter Ladies of Honour thus——For Heaven ſake what are you, how do you live, and where do you ſpend your time? in Tennis-Courts, Taverns, Eating-houſes, Bawdy-houſes, where you quarrel in Drink for your Trulls, who while you Manfully Fight their Cauſe, they run away with your Hats and Belts——

Eli. Then you come home, and ſwear you'll be reveng'd on this Lord, or that Duke, that aſſaulted you ſingle, with all his Foot men.

Cel. And, ſays my Gentleman, if I had not been the moſt Skillful Perſon alive, my Body had been by this time like an Old-faſhion'd Suit, Pink'd all over, and full of Ilet-holes.

Eli. But did he not diſarm my Lord at laſt?

Cel. By all means, and made him beg his Life.

Eli. When indeed he compounded with the Conſtable for his own Liberty.

Cel. You Perſons of Quality——What Perſon of Honour wou'd keep company with ſuch Debauches? Z'life Madam, an Orange-wench is above their Ambition.

Eli. An Orange-wench! If they can but run in her debt, and the poor Creature come dunning 'em to their Lodgings, they'll Swear they lay with her, when they dare not be known that they are within.

Cel. Sometimes lye Lolling upon a long Scarf in the Play-houſe, talking loud and affectedly, and Swear at night they had the prettieſt thing juſt come out of the Country.

Eli. And wiſh themſelves Damn'd if ſhe did not ſmell of the Graſs.

Cel. When in truth 'twas ſome diſguis'd Bawd, that met 'em there according to Aſſignation.

Pol. Heark you *Potiphar*'s Wife of mine, by *Pharaoh*'s lean Kine thou ſhalt ſtarve for this.

St. A. And for thee *Nell*——Mark me, thou ſhalt Dream and be tormented with Imagination, like one that having drunk hard is thirſty in the Night, dreams of Veſſels brim-full, and drinks and drinks, yet never is ſatisfied.

Pol.

Pol. For my part, I'll ſerve my Damn'd Wife as *Tantalus* was puniſh'd the Fruit ſhall bob at her Lips, which ſhe ſhall never enjoy.

[*Exeunt* St. A. Pol.

Eli. Very well, the World's come to a fine paſs; if this be Marrying, wou'd I were a Maid agen. Men take Wives now as they ſnatch up a *Gazette*, look it over and then fling it by.

Gel. They forget us in a day or two, or if they read us over agen, 'tis only to rub up Remembrance, and commonly they fall aſleep ſo.

Eli. What's to be done Child? for rather than live thus——

Gel. Rather than live thus let's do any thing.

Eli. Any thing Rogue, why Cuckolds are things.

Gel. Perhaps they think we have no ſuch thing as Fleſh and Blood about us, but we'll make 'em know, a young Woman in the flour of her Age, is not like painted Fruit in a Glaſs, only to be look'd on—— Perhaps you are a more Contemplative Perſon, and will go farther about.

Eli. What, Dear Rogue, doſt think I will leave thee? by this Kiſs not I.

Gel. Thus then we'll ſlip on long Scarfs, and black Gowns, put on Masks, and ramble about.

Eli. Rare Rogue, let me Kiſs thee agen——Certainly Intrigueing is the pleaſanteſt part of Life; to meet a Gallant abroad in a Summers Evening, and Laugh away an hour or two in a Garden Bower, where no body ſees nor no body knows, methinks 'tis ſo pretty and harmleſs, Lord, how it works in my Fancy——

Gel. We muſt tell Madam *Tournon* by all means——

Eli. I believe her Secret, and know her very good Natur'd; but for all that, methinks ſhe has the Cant of a refin'd *Florence* Bawd——

Enter Tournon.

Gel. The better for our purpoſe, ſhe comes as wiſh'd.

Tour. Dear Precious Roſebuds your Servant, now for all the World you look as you were New-blown; and how do ye my pretty Primroſes? 'tis a whole day ſince I ſaw ye.

Gel. Oh Madam! we have a Suit to your Ladiſhip.

Tour. I grant it whate'er it be; ſpeak my Hyacinth.

Eli. Our Husbands are worſe than ever.

Gel. They uſe us as if we had neither Beauty nor Portion.

Tour. What's this I hear? O Ingrate and Ignoble! Revenge your ſelves Sweetings——'Tis time to pule and put Finger in Eye, when you are paſt Propagation. But my Lady-birds you are in your Prime, let me touch your delicate Hands——Well, and do not theſe humid Palms claim a Man——Nay, and your Breaſts, Lord! Lord! how ſwoll'n and hard they are, how they heave and pant now, by *Cynthia*, as if they were

were ready to burſt? look to't, have a care of a Cancer, draw 'em down, draw 'em down, for let me tell you Jewels, it may be dangerous for you to go thus long without Cultivation——

Eli. What wou'd you have us do Madam?

Tour. Do Violet? why do as all the World does beſide, loſe no Time, catch him by the Forelock, get a Man to your mind——I'll acquaint you with one that's as true as the day, that will Fight like a Lion, and Love like a Sparrow——He has Eyes as black as Slows, you can hardly look on 'em, and a Skin ſo white—and ſoft as Sattin with the Grain: And for thee Tulip——

Cel. For me Madam!

Tour. For thee Hony-Suckle, ſuch a Man, well, I ſhall never forget him, ſuch a ſtrait bole of a Body, ſuch a Trunk, ſuch a ſhape, ſuch a quick ſtrength, he will over any thing he can lay his hand on, and Vaults to Admiration.

Eli. But Madam, will you provide us Lodgings on occaſion——

Tour. The Richeſt in the Town, the coſtlieſt Hangings, great Glaſſes, *China* Diſhes, Silver Tables, Silver Stands, and Silver Urinals—And then theſe Gallants are the cloſeſt Lovers, ſo good at keeping a Secret—Well, give me your Man that ſays nothing, but minds the bus'neſs in hand—For a Secret Lover's like a Gun charg'd with White Powder, does Execution but makes no noiſe.

Cel. Well, and let me tell you that's the Point, Madam——

Tour. Ay, and 'tis a Precious Point, a Feeling Point, and a Pleaſing Point; you ſhall know him, you muſt know him, I ſhall dye if you don't know him——He has the fling of a Gentleman.

Eli. Pray Madam, how's that?

Tour. Why thus Apricock——Into your Arms, then ſtops your Mouth with a double-tongu'd Engliſh Kiſs, that you can't be angry with him for your Blood.

Cel. I know 'tis my filthy Country way——But I'll aſſure you if he ſhould ſerve me ſo, my Blood would riſe at him.

Tour. But then you'd repent and fall before him, for he has the moſt particular obliging way, and ſhe whom he particularly loves, is ſo oblig'd with his Particular——Well, for my part, my Twins of Beauty, I ſet an infinite Value on their Chareſſes, Diſtreſſes and Addreſſes; nay, I cou'd refuſe a Quilt Imperial, to be oblig'd by them, tho on the bare Boards, or the cold Stones.

Eli. But, Madam, are they in being——

Tour. They are my Bloſſoms——Then they Kiſs beyond Imagination, juſt for all the World as when you cut a pure Juicy *China* Orange, the Goodneſs runs over——Lord! now it comes in my Cogitation, I'm juſt now going to take a View of 'em in *Luxemburg* Garden, where, if you

pleaſe

pleaſe to walk, they ſhall Sun themſelves in your Smiles—Come my Carnations, nay, I proteſt I will not go before ye.

Cel. But, Madam, we're at home.

Tour. O Lord, Beauties! I know not the way.

Eli. Indeed Madam you muſt——or we ſhall uſe Violence——

Tour. Well Ladies, ſince 'tis your command, I dare not but obey.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Nemours, Bellamore.

Nem. THou Dear Soft Rogue, my Spouſe, my *Hepheſtion*, my *Ganymed*, nay, if I dye to night my Dukedom's thine——But art thou ſure the Princeſs of *Cleve* withdraws here after Dinner——

Bell. One of her Women whom I have Debauch'd, tells me 'tis her Cuſtom; you may ſlip into the Cloſet and over-hear all, and yet methinks 'tis hard, becauſe the Prince of *Cleve* loves you as his Life.

Nem. I ſav'd his Life, Sweet-heart, when he was aſſaulted by a miſtake in the dark, and ſhall he grudge me a little Fooling with his Wife, for ſo ſerious an Obligation?

Enter the Vidam——

A Pox upon him, here comes the *Vidam* with his ſowre Morals——

Vid. 'Tis certain I like her——She's very pretty, and *Tournon* ſhall help me to her——

Nem. In Love, by my Lechery—Ay, and ſhe ſhall help thee to her—But who, but who is't my Man of Principles——

Vid. To tell your Grace, I am ſure were to be a Man of none for my ſelf——You that are the Whores Ingroſſer——Let me ſee——There's *Tournon* your Ubiquitary Whore, your Bawd, your Bawd Barber or Bawd Surgeon, for you're ever under her hands, and ſhe Plaiſters you every day with new Wenches——Then there's your Domeſtick Termagant—*Elianor* and *Celia*, with ſomething new in Chaſe——Why you outdo *Ceſar* himſelf in your way, and dictate to more Whores at once than he did to Knaves——Believe me Sir, in a little time you'll be nick'd the Town-Bull.

Nem. Why there's the difference betwixt my Senſe and yours; wou'd I were, and your Darklin Miſtreſs the firſt ſhou'd come in my way, *Jove* and *Europa*, I'd leap her in thy Face——Why, how now *Vidam*, what Devil has turn'd thee Grave, the Devil of Love, or the Devil of Envy?

Vid. Friendſhip, mere Friendſhip and care of your Soul; I thought it but juſt, to tell you the whole Town takes notice of your way.

Nem.

Nem. Why then the whole Town does me wrong, becauſe I take no notice of theirs; thus t'other night I was in company with two or three well-bred Fops, that found fault with my Obſcenity, and proteſted 'twas ſuch a way——Why 'tis the way of ye all, only you ſneak with it under your Cloaks like Taylors and Barbers; and I, as a Gentleman ſhou'd do, walk with it in my hand. For prithee obſerve, does not your Prieſt the ſame thing? did not I ſee Father *Patrick* declaiming againſt Fleſh in *Lent*, ſtrip up to the Elbow; and telling the Congregation he had eat nothing but Fiſh theſe twenty years, yet proteſt to the Ladies, that Fat Arm of his, which was a chopping one, was the leaſt Member about him?

Bell. Faith, and it may be ſo too.

Nem. Does not your Politician, your little great Man of bus'neſs, that ſets the World together by the Ears, after all his Plotting, Drudging and Sweating at Lying, retire to ſome little Punk and untap at Night?

Vid. I ſubmit to the weight of your Reaſons, and confeſs the whole World does you Injuſtice, wherefore I judge it fit that they bring your Grace their Wives and Daughters to make you amends.

Nem. Why now thou talk'ſt like an honeſt Fellow, for never let bus'neſs Flatter thee *Frank* into Nonſenſe: Women are the ſole Pleaſure of the World; nay, I had rather part with my whole Eſtate, Health and Senſe, than loſe an Inch of my Love——I was t'other day at a pretty Entertainment, where two or three Grave Politick Rogues were wond'ring, why Women ſhou'd be brought into Plays; I as gravely reply'd, the World was not made without 'em; he full Pop upon me——But Sir, it had been better if it had——

Vid. And then no doubt a gloomy Smile aroſe——

Nem. Theſe are your Rogues, *Frank*, that wou'd be thought Criticks, that are never pleas'd but with ſomething new, as they call it, juſt, proper, and never as men ſpeak; you're out of the way, men that hate us Rogues with a way——

Bell. But after all this they'll run you down, and ſay your Grace is no Scholar——

Nem. Why, Faith, nor wou'd be, if Learning muſt wrench a Man's Head quite round; I underſtand my Mother-tongue well enough, and ſome others juſt as I do Women, not to be married to 'em, but to ſerve my turn; what's good in 'em never ſcapes me, but as for Points and Tags, for which thoſe ſolemn Fops are to be valued, I ſlight 'em, nor wou'd remember 'em if I cou'd; for he that once liſtens to Jingling, ten to one if ever he gets it out of his head while he lives—But prithee be gone, and leave me to my Muſing; find *Tournon* out, my *Vidam*, and bid her remember the Handkercher—Away, thou art concern'd in the bus'neſs, therefore away. [*Exeunt* Vid. Bell.

Enter the Princeſs of Cleve, Irene.

Nem. She comes, ye Gods, with what a pompous State;
The Stars and all Heav'ns Glories on her wait.
That's out of the way too——But now for my Cloſet. [*Exit.*
Princeſs C. No, no, I charge thee pity me no longer,
But on the Earth let us conſult our Woes:
For Earth I ſhall be ſhortly; ſit and hear me,
While on thy Faithful Boſom thus I lean
My akeing Head, and breath my cruel Sorrows.
Iren. Speak Madam, ſpeak, they'll ſtrangle if contain'd——
Princeſs C. As late I lay upon a flow'ry Bank,
My Head a little heav'd beyond the Verge,
To look my Troubles in the Rockleſs Stream,
I ſlept, and dreamt I ſaw
The boſom of the Flood unfold;
I ſaw the Naked Nymphs ten Fathom down,
With all the Cryſtal Thrones in their Green Courts below,
Where in their buſie Arms *Nemours* appear'd:
His Head reclin'd, and ſwoll'n as he were drown'd,
While each kind Goddeſs dew'd his Senſeleſs Face
With Nectars drops to bring back Life in vain:
When on a ſudden the whole Synod roſe
And laid him to my Lips——Oh my *Irene*!
Forgive me Honour, Duty—Love forgive me,
I found a Pleaſure I ne'er felt before,
Diſſolving Pains, and Swimming ſhuddering Joys,
To which my Bridal Night with *Cleve* was dull——

Enter the Prince of Cleve.

Iren. Behold him, Madam.
P. C. Ha! my *Chartres*—How—
Why on the Earth?
Princeſs C. Becauſe, my Lord, it ſuits
The humble poſture of my ſad Condition.
P. C. Theſe Starts agen; but why thy ſad Condition?
O riſe and tell me why this Melancholy!
Why fall thoſe Tears? Why heaves this Boſom thus?
Nay, I muſt then conſtrain thee with my Arms. [*Riſe.*
Is't poſſible? does then thy load of Grief
Oppreſs thee ſo, thou canſt not ſpeak for Sighing——
Ah *Chartres*, *Chartres*! then thou didſt but ſooth me,

There

There is ſome cauſe, too frightful to be told,
And thou haſt learnt the art too to diſſemble.
Princeſs C. O Heavens! diſſemble when I ſtrip my Soul,
Shew it all bear, and trembling to your view;
Can you ſuſpect me Sir, for a Diſſembler?
P. C. By all my Hopes, Doubts, Jealouſies and Fears,
I know not what to think, I think thou ſhow'ſt
Thy inmoſt thought, and now I think thou doſt not.
I think there is a Boſom ſecret ſtill,
And have a dawn of it through all thy Folds
That hide it from my view: O truſt me *Cleve*!
Truſt me whate'er it be; I love thee more
Than thou lov'ſt help for that which thus inthrauls thee.
Truſt thy Dear Husband, O let looſe the pain
That makes thee droop, though it ſhou'd be my death!
By thy dear ſelf I'll welcome it to eaſe thee.
Princeſs C. Thou beſt of all thy Kind, why ſhou'd you rack me,
Who dare not, cannot ſpeak—No more but this,
Take me from *Paris* from the Court.
P. C. Ha, *Chartres*, how!
What from the Court of *Paris*, why?
Princeſs C. Becauſe—my Mothers Death-bed Counſel ſo adviſed me,
Becauſe the Court has Charms, becauſe I love
A Grotto beſt, becauſe 'tis beſt for you
And me, and all the World.
P. C. Becauſe, O Heaven!
Becauſe there is ſome curſed Charm at Court,
Which you love better than me and all the World.
The Reaſon's plain, for which you wou'd remove,
To loſe the Mem'ry of ſome lawleſs Love.
Princeſs C. Why then am I detain'd, if that's your fear?
P. C. It is, it ought, and ſhall, and Oh! you muſt
Confeſs this horrid Falſhood to my Face.
Princeſs C. Never, my Lord, never confeſs a Lye,
By Heav'ns I love your Life above my own.
P. C. Not that, not that, ſpeak home and fly not wide,
Swear by thy ſelf, thou dearly purchas'd Pleaſure,
Swear by thoſe Chaſter Sweets thy Mother left thee;
Swear that thy Soul, which cannot hide a Treaſon,
Prefers me ev'n to all the World; Hold Precious,
Swear that thou lov'ſt him more——And only lov'ſt him,
And in ſuch Senſe as not to love another.
Princeſs C. Ah, Sir! why will you ſink me to your Feet,
Where I muſt lye and groan my Life away?

P. C. Speak *Chartres*, Speak, nor let the name of Husband
Sound Terror to thy Soul; for by my hopes
Of Paradice, howe'er thou uſeſt me,
I am thy Creature, ſtill to make and mould me
Thy cringing crawling Slave, and will adore
The hand that kills me——
Princeſs C. O you are too good!
And I muſt never hope for Pardon——Yet
I cou'd excuſe it; but my Lord I will not.
Know then——I cannot ſpeak.
P. C. Nor I by Heav'n.
Princeſs C. I Love.
P. C. Go on.
Princeſs C. I love you as my Soul.
P. C. Ha——But the reſt.
Princeſs C. Alas, alas, I dare not——
P. C. Why then farewel for ever——
Princeſs C. Stay and take it——
Take the extreameſt Pang of tortur'd Vertue,
Take all, I love, I love thee *Cleve* as Life;
But Oh! I love, I love another more——
P. C. Oh *Chartres*! Oh——
Princeſs C. Why did you rack me then?
You were reſolv'd, and now you have it all.
P. C. All *Chartres*! All! Why, can there then be more?
But riſe, and know I by this Kiſs forgive thee.
Thou haſt made me wretched by the cleareſt proof
Of perfect Honour that e'er flow'd from Woman.
But crown the miſery which you have begun,
And let me know who 'tis you wou'd avoid,
Who is the happy man that had the power
To burn that Heart which I cou'd never warm.
Princeſs C. Forgive me Sir, in this Prudence commands
Eternal ſilence——
P. C. Ha if ſilent now,
Why didſt thou ſpeak at all? If here thou ſtop'ſt
I ſhall conclude that which I thought thy vertue,
A ſtart of paſſion which thou cou'dſt not hide,
And now Vexation gnaws thy guilty Soul
With a too late Repentance for confeſſing
His name——
Princeſs C. You ſhall not know it——Yes my Lord,
Now a too late Repentance tears my Soul,
And tells me I have done amiſs to truſt you;

Yet

Yet by my hopes of eaſe at laſt by Death,
I ſwear my Love has never yet appear'd
To any Man but you——
P. C. Weep not my *Chartres*, for howe'er my Tongue
Upbraid thy Fame, my Heart ſtill worſhips thee,
And by the Blood that chills me round——I ſwear
From this ſad Moment, I'll ne'er urge thee more;
All that I beg of thee, is not to hate me.
Princeſs C. The ſtudy of my Life ſhall be to love you.
P. C. Never, Oh never! I were mad to hope it,
Yet thou ſhalt give me leave to fold thy hand,
To preſs it with my Lips, to ſigh upon it,
And waſh it with my Tears——
Princeſs C. I cannot bear this kindneſs without dying.
P. C. Nay, we will walk and talk ſometimes together,
Like Age we'll call to mind the Pleaſures paſt;
Pleaſures like theirs, which never ſhall return,
For Oh! my *Chartres*, ſince thy Heart's eſtrang'd,
The pleaſure of thy Beauty is no more,
Yet I each night will ſee thee ſoftly laid,
Kneel by thy ſide, and when thy Vows are paid,
Take one laſt kiſs, e'er I to Death retire,
Wiſh that the Heav'ns had giv'n us equal fire;
Then ſigh, it cannot be, and ſo expire. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nemours.

She Loves, ſhe Loves, and I'm the happy Man,
She has avow'd it, paſt all preſident,
Before her Husbands Face——
Ha! but from Love like hers ſuch daring virtue,
That like a bleeding Quarry lately chas'd,
Plunges among the Waves, or turns at Bay,
What is there to expect—But— let it come
The worſt can happ'n, yet 'tis glorious ſtill.
To bring to ſuch Extreams ſo chaſt a mind,
And charm to love the wiſeſt of her Kind.

Enter Vidam.

Ah *Vidam*! I cou'd tell thee ſuch a Story of ſuch a Friend of mine, the oddeſt, prettieſt, out of the way of bus'neſs, but thou art ſo flippant there's no truſting thee.
Vid. Tournon ſays the Flag's held out——

Nem.

Nem. Tournon be Damn'd——Know then, but be ſecret, there is a Friend of mine belov'd———But by a Soul ſo Vertuous,

Vid. That was too much———

Nem. That quite from the method of all Womankind, ſhe told it to her Husband.

Vid. That's ſtrange indeed: And how did her Husband like it?

Nem. Why, after a tedious paſſionate Diſcourſe, approved her carriage, and ſwore he lov'd her more than ever; ſo they cry'd and kiſs'd, and went away moſt lovingly together.

Vid. Why then ſhe Cuckolds him to rights, nor can he take the Law of her; and I'll be judge by any Bawd in Chriſtendom——And ſo my Lord farewell, I have bus'neſs of my own, and *Tournon* waits you——

Nem. But heark you, *Frank*, I have occaſion for you, and muſt preſs thee, I hope, to no unwellcome Office—only a Second———

Vid. With all my heart, my Lord, the time and place.

Nem. Juſt now in *Luxemburg* Garden, betwixt one and two, a Challenge from a couple, the ſmarteſt, briskeſt, prettieſt Tilting Ladies——

Vid. Your Servant Sir, and as you thrive, let me hear from your Grace, and ſo Fate ſpeed your Plow. [*Exit.*

Enter Tournon *with* Marguerite.

Nem. And ſo Fate ſpeed your Plow, and you go to that, and I ſhall tell you Sir, 'twas not handſomly done, to leave me thus to the Mercy of two unreaſonable Women at once.

Tour. You have him now in view, and ſo I leave you. [*Exit.* Tour.

Marg. Stand Sir.

Nem. To a Lady, while I have breath.

Marg. Wou'd you not fall to a Lady too, if ſhe ſhou'd ask the Favour?

Nem. Ay, Gad, any pretty Woman may bring me upon my Knees at her pleaſure.

Marg. O Devil——

Nem. Prithee my dear ſoft warm Rogue, let thee and I be kind——

Marg. And Kiſs, you were going to ſay.

Nem. Z'Life, how pat ſhe hits me, why thou and I were made for one another—Let's try how our Lips fit.

Marg. Is that your fitting?

Nem. 'Fore Heaven ſhe's wond'rous quick; Nay, my Dear, and you go to that, I can fit you every way——

Marg. You are a notorious talker.

Nem. And a better doer; prithee try.

Marg. As if that were to do now.

Nem. Nay then I'm ſure of thee, for never was a Woman mine once, but was mine always.

Marg.

Marg. Know then you are a heavy ſluggiſh Fellow; but I ſee there is no more Faith in Man than Woman, Cork and Feathers.

Nem. Make a Shittlecork that's Woman, let me, if you pleaſe, be Battledoor, and by Gad for a day and a night I'll keep up with any Fellow in Chriſtendom.

Marg. Come away then and I'll keep count I warrant you—Monſter—Villain——

Nem. Now is the Devil and I as great as ever——I come my Dear—But then what becomes of my other Dears——For whom I was Prim'd and Charg'd——

Marg. Why dont you come my Dear?

Nem. There with that ſweet word ſhe cock'd me--

Marg. Lord! how you tremble——

Nem. There the Pan flaſh'd——

Marg. I'll ſet my Teeth in you.

Nem. Now I go off——O Man! O Woman! O Fleſh! O Devil!

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The *Vidam*, *Tournon*.

Tour. A Woman in Love with another, and confeſs it to her Husband——What wou'd I give to know her——Without all queſtion *Nemours* is the Perſon belov'd.

Vid. That's plain by his eagerneſs in the Diſcovery, he forc'd me to hear him whether I wou'd or no; yet what I ſo admire in his Temper, is, that for all the former Heat, I no ſooner mentioned you, but he flew from it, and run upon another Scent, as if the firſt had never been.

Tour. Where did you find him?

Vid. At the Princeſs of *Cleve*'s, and my Heart tells me that's the Lady that acquainted her Husband how ſhe was determin'd to make him a Cuckold——If he pleas'd to give his conſent——

Tour. My Judgment, which is moſt Sagacious in theſe Matters, is moſt poſitive in your opinion, for by his whitely caſt, the Prince of *Cleve* muſt be the Man fork'd in the Book of Fate——

Vid. And yet 'tis odd, that *Nemours* of all Men, ſhou'd have ſuch luck at this Lottery.

Tour.

Tour. O to chooſe, my Lord! becauſe ſhe's nice and preciſe; your demure Ladies that are ſo Squob in company, are Devils in a corner; they are a ſort of melancholy Birds, that ne'er peep abroad by day, but they to whit, to whou it at night; nay, to my particular knowledge, all grave Women love wild Men, and if they can but appear civil at firſt, they certainly ſnap 'em; for mark their Language, the Man is a handſom Man, if he had but Grace; the Man has Wit, Parts and excellent Gifts, if he wou'd but make a right uſe of 'em; why all theſe If's are but civil Pimps to a moſt Bawdy concluſion——But ſee, I deſcry him with a Mask yonder——

Vid. You'll remember St. *Andre*'s Lady for this Diſcovery.

Tour. If ſhe be not yours to night, never acquaint me with a Myſtery agen——

Vid. Not a word to the Duke——My Gravity gets me a hank over him——Therefore if you tell him of any Love Matters of mine, you muſt never hope for more Secrets——

Tour. Trouble not your head, but away. [*Exit.* Vid. So this gets me a Diamond from the Queen, an Embaſſadors Merit at leaſt. Confeſs to her Husband, alas poor Princeſs—See, they come; but that which ſtartles me, is how a Woman of *Marguerite*'s Sex can contain all this while as ſhe ſeems to do; but perhaps ſhe deſigns to pump him—— Or has ſome further end, which I muſt learn.

Enter Nemours *and* Marguerite.

Marg. But did you never promiſe thus before?

Nem. Never——But why theſe Doubts——Thou haſt all the Wit in the World——Thou know'ſt I love thee without Proteſtations, why then this delay?

Marg. I have not convers'd with you an hour, and you are for running over me: No Sir, but if you can have patience till the Ball——Oh I ſhall burſt——

Nem. Patience, I muſt; but if it were not for the clog of thy Modeſty, we might have been in the third Heav'n by this, and have danc'd at the Ball beſide——Ha! you faint——Take off your Mask——

Marg. Unhand me, or——But pray, e'er we part, let me ask you a ſerious queſtion; what if you ſhou'd have pick'd up a Devil Incarnate?

Nem. Why, by your loving to go in the dark thus, I make me begin to ſuſpect you——But be a Devil and thou wilt, if we muſt be Damn'd together, who can help it——

Marg. I ſhall not hold——

Nem. Yet, now I think on't, thou canſt be no Devil, thou art ſo fraid of a Sinner; for you refus'd me juſt now, when I profer'd to ſell my ſelf, and ſeal the Bargain with the beſt of my Blood.

Marg.

Marg. But if I ſhou'd permit you, cou'd you find in your heart to ingender with a damn'd Spirit?

Nem. Yes marry cou'd I, for all you ask the queſtion ſo ſeriouſly: For know, thou bewitching Creature, I have long'd any time this ſeven years to be the Father of a *Succubus*----

Marg. Fiend, and no Man----

Nem. Beſides, Madam, don't you think a feat Devil of yours and my begetting, wou'd be a prettier ſight in a Houſe, than a Monkey or a Squirrel? Gad I'd hang Bells about his neck, and make my Valet ſpruce up his Bruſh Tail ev'ry Morning as duly as he comb'd my head.

Marg. But is it poſſible (for I know you have a Miſtreſs, a Convenience as you call her,) that you cou'd leave her for me, who may be Ugly, Diſeas'd, or a Devil indeed for ought you know?

Nem. Why, ſince you tax me with truth, I muſt anſwer like a Man of Honour; I cou'd leave her for thee or any elſe of your Tribe, ſo they were all like you----

Marg. But in the name of Reaſon, what is there in us Runners at All, that a Wife, or a Miſtreſs of that nature, may not poſſeſs with more advantage?

Nem. Why, the freedom Wit and Roguery, and all ſort of acting, as well as Converſation. In a Domeſtick ſhe, there's no Gaity, no Chat, no Diſcourſe, but of the Cares of this World and its Inconveniencies; what we do we do, but ſo dully; by Gad, my Thing ask'd me once, when my Breeches were down, what the Stuff coſt a Yard----Ha! what now, upon the Gog agen? nay, then have with you at all Adventures, at leaſt to put you in mind of the Ball---- [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tournon.

Tour. Ha! yonder ſhe loſt him----ſee, what can ſhe intend by keeping her ſelf ſo cloſe----But ſee *La March* has ſeiz'd her, and now the Myſtery will open of it ſelf.

Re-enter Marguerite *with* La March.

La M. But have you found him falſe?

Tour. Curſes, Damnation,
The Racks of Womens Wits, when her Soul
Is bawk'd of Vengeance, wait on his deſires.

La M. Why did you leave him ſo upon the ſudden?

Marg. Becauſe I found my Paſſion move too ſtrongly,
My fooliſh Heart wou'd not obey my Will;
I found my Eyes grow full, my Sighs had choak'd me,
And I was dying in his Arms----

La M. But now
You have got Breath, what is your purpoſe Madam?
Nem. To meet him as I promis'd, to enjoy him
With the laſt Pang of a revengeful Pleaſure;
And let him know----
Then make him Damn himſelf with thouſand Oaths,
That he'll ne'er ſee forſak'n *Marguerite* more,
The curſt fond, fooliſh, doting *Marguerite*;
For thus with an extorted Gallantry,
I'll force him to revile me to my face;
Then throw the Mask away, and vent my Rage;
Tell him he is a Fiend, Devil, Devil, Devil,
Or what is worſe, a Man----
And leave him to the Horror of his Soul. [*Exit.*
Tour. I've heard her Rave, and muſt applaud thy Conduct
To the next task, then when ſhe has ſatisfied
This odd Figary of Revenge and Pleaſure,
Take her in the height of her diſdain
And ply her with the Dauphin; then tell *Nemours*
Of her reſolve to caſt him further off,
Millions to one we carry the deſign.
But haſt and ſcout, while I attend the Duke,
That harps upon the loſs of his new Miſtreſs.

Enter Nemours.

Nem. Death and the Devil----We went talking along ſo pleaſantly, when of a ſudden whiſp'ring, ſhe wou'd not fail me at the Ball, ſhe ſprung from me at yon dark corner and vaniſh'd. Well if ſhe be a Devil, Hell by her ſhou'd be a merry place, or perhaps ſhe has not been there yet, but fell this Morning and took Earth in her way; my Comfort is, I ſhall make a new diſcovery if ſhe keeps her word, and ſhe has too much wit to break it before ſhe tryes me.

Tour. And where are you to make this new diſcovery?

Nem. At the Ball in Maſquerade----Thus wou'd I have Time rowl ſtill all in theſe lovely Extreams, the Corruption of Reaſon being the Generation of Wit; and the Spirit of Wit lying in the Extravagance of Pleaſure: Nay, the two neareſt ways to enter the Cloſet of the Gods, and lye even with the Fates themſelves, are Fury and Sleep----Therefore the Fury of Wine and Fury of Women poſſeſs me waking and ſleeping; let me Dream of nothing but dimpl'd Cheeks, and laughing Lips, and flowing Bowls, *Venus* be my Star, and Whoring my Houſe, and Death I defie thee. Thus ſung *Raſidore* in the Urn----But where and when, with my Fops Wives, be quick, thou know'ſt my appointment with this unknown, and the Minute's precious.

Tour.

Tour. Why, I have contriv'd you the ſweeteſt Wight in the World, if you dare.

Nem. Dare, and in a Woman's Cauſe! why, I have no drop of Blood about me, but muſt out in their ſervice, and what matter is't which way?

Tour. Know *Poltrot*'s Lady has inform'd me, how *St. Andre* walks in his ſleep, and that her Husband laſt night attempted to Cuckold him, that ſhe watch'd and overheard the whole matter, but *Poltrot* cou'd not find the door before *St. Andre* return'd; ſhe doubts not but he will try agen to night----Now if you can nick the time when *Poltrot* riſes, and ſteal to her, ten to one but ſhe'll be glad to be reveng'd----

Nem. Or ſhe wou'd not have told thee the bus'neſs----There wants but ſpeaking with her, taking her by the hand, and 'tis a bargain----

Enter Celia, Elianora *Maſk'd.* Poltrot, St. Andre *following.*

Tour. Step, ſtep aſide, they are upon the hunt for you, and their Husbands have 'em in the wind; ſtand by a while to obſerve, and I'll turn you looſe upon 'em----

St. A. Ha, *Tournon*! by my Honour a Prize, let's board 'em.

Pol. Be not too deſperate my little Frigat, for I am, that I am, a Furious Man of Honour.

Cel. Now Heav'n defend us, what will you give us a Broad-ſide?

El. Lord! how I dread the Guns of the lower Tire.

St. A. Such notable Marks-men too, we never miſs hitting between Wind and Water.

Cel. I'll warrant they carry Chain-ſhot; Pray Heav'n they do not ſplit us Siſter!

Pol. Yield then, yield quickly, or no Mercy, we have been ſo ſhatter'd to day already by two ſhe Pirates, that we are grown deſperate.

El. But what alas have we done, that you ſhou'd turn your Revenge upon us poor harmleſs Innocents, that never wrong'd you, never ſaw you before?

Cel. If you ſhou'd deal unkindly with us, 'twou'd break our Hearts, for we are the gentleſt things.

St. A. And we will uſe you ſo gently, ſo kindly, like little Birds, you ſhall never repent the loſs of your Liberty.

El. I'll warrant Siſter they'll put us in a Cage, or tye us by the Legs.

Pol. No, upon the word of a Man of Honour, your Legs ſhall be at liberty.

Cel. What will you Pinnion our Wings then, and let us hop up and down the Houſe?

St. A. Not in the Houſe where we live, pretty Soul, for there's two ravenous Sow-Cats will Eat you.

El. Your Wives you mean.

Pol. Something like, two Melancholy things that ſit purring in the Chimney-corner, and to exerciſe their ſpite, kill Crickets.

Gel. Oh! for God-ſake keep us from your Wives.

St. A. I'll warrant thee little *Roſamond*, ſafe from my jealous *Elianor*---

Pol. And if any Wife in *Europe* dares but touch a hair of thee, I ſay not much, but that Wife were better be a Widow.

El. But are your Wives handſome and well qualited? for whatever you ſay to us, when you have had your will you'll home at night, and for my part I cry All or none.

Pol. And All thou ſhalt have dear Rogue, never fear my Wive's Beauty or good Nature, they are things to her like Saints and Angels, which ſhe believes never were nor never will be-----She's a Baſon of Water againſt Lechery, and looks ſo ſharp whenever I ſee her, like Vinegar ſhe makes me ſweat.

St. A. And mine's ſo fulſome, that a Goat with the help of Cantharides wou'd not touch her.

Gel. But then for their Qualities---

St. A. Such Scolds, like Thunder they turn all the Drink in the Cellar.

Pol. Such Niggards, they eat Kitchin-ſtuff and Candles ends----Once indeed raving mad my Wife ſeem'd Prodigal, for a Rat having eat his way through an old Cheeſe, ſhe baited a Trap for him with a piece of pareing----But having caught him, by the Lord ſhe eat him up without mercy tail and all.

El. Are they not ev'n with us Siſter?

St. A. 'Tis hop'd tho, the Hangman will take 'em off of our hands, for they are ſhroadly ſuſpected for Witches, mine noints her ſelf ev'ry Night, ſets a Broom-ſtaff in the Chimny, and op'ns the Window, for what purpoſe but to fly?

Pol. Gad, and my Wife has Tets in the wrong place, ſhe's warted all over like a pumpl'd Orange.

Gel. Yet ſure, Gentlemen, you told theſe Hags another ſtory once, and made as deep Proteſtations to them as you do to us?

St. A. Never by this hand, the Salt Souls fell in Luſt with us, and haul'd us to Matrimony like Bears to the Stake.

Pol. Where they ſet a long black thing upon us, that cry'd Have and Hold.

El. Put the queſtion they had been Handſome, brought you great Portions, were Pleaſant and Airy and willing to humour you.

Enter Nemours *with the* Vidam.

Nem. Nay then I can hold no longer: Z'death, there's it Madam, Willing! That Willingneſs ſpoils all my Dear, my Hony, my Jewel, it Palls the Appetite like Sack at Meals---Give me the ſmart diſdainful ſhe,

ſhe, that like brisk *Champaign* or ſpritely *Burgundy*, makes me ſmack my Lips after ſhe's down, and long for t'other Glaſs.

St. A. Nay if your Grace come in there's no dallying, I'll make ſure of one.

Pol. Nay, and for my part I am reſolv'd to ſecure another; come Madam no ſtriving, for I am like a Lion, when I lay hold, if the Body come not willingly, I pull a whole Limb away----

Nem. Yes Madam, he ſpeaks truth, take it on my word who am a rational Creature, he is a great furious wild Beaſt.

Cel. Pray Heav'n he be not a horned Beaſt, is the Monſter married?

Vid. Yes Ladies, they are both married.

El. Married! For Heav'n ſake, Gentlemen, ſave us from the Cattle.

Pol. Why, what is the Breeze in your Tails? Z'death Ladies we'll not eat you.

Cel Say you ſo? But we'll not truſt you, I am ſure you both look hungrily.

Vid. It may be their Wives uſe 'em unkindly.

El. And the poor good-natur'd things take it to heart.

Cel. I ſwear 'tis pity, they have both promiſing looks.

Nem. Proceed, ſweet Souls, we'll defend you to death, ſpare 'em not.

El. Or it may be we miſtake all this while, and their pitiful looks are cauſed by loving too much.

Vid. Right Madam, a little too Uxorious; Ha, Ha!

St. A. Now have not I one word to ſay, but ſtand to endure all Jerks like a School-boy with my Shirt up.

Pol. I'll have one fling at 'em tho' I dye for't; why Ladies you'll overſhoot your ſelves at this rate----Muſt we only be the Butts to bear all your Railery? methinks you might ſpend one Arrow at random, and take off that Daw that Chatters ſo near you---Gad, and I think I paid 'em there----

Cel. Butts and Daw! Let me never Laugh agen, if they be not Witty too---Why, you pleaſant Rogues, Z'life I cou'd Kiſs 'em if they did not ſtink of Matrimony.

St. A. Mum, Mum, Mum. Did not I tell you 'twas a madneſs to ſpeak to 'em?

El. They envy my Friend too here, this pleaſant Companion.

Cel. This dear agreeable Perſon.

Nem. Ay, Damme Madam, the Rogues envy us----

El. What a gentle Aſpect?

Cel. How proper and Airy?

El. See, here's Blood in this Face.

Vid. Pure Blood, Madam, at your Service.

Cel. Will you walk dear Sir? give me your hand----

El. And me yours----

Nem.

Nem. Come you dear raviſhing Rogues---Your Servant Mr. *Butts*---
Vid. Gentle Mr. *Butts*---
El. Adieu ſweet Mr. *Butts.*
Cel. Witty Mr. *Butts*, Ha, Ha, Ha! [*Exeunt* Nem. Vid. Cel. El.
St. A. Well, I'll to a Dutcheſs.
Pol. Lord! thou art always ſo high-flown----Haſt thou never a caſt Counteſs for me----
St. A. Come along to the Ball and thou ſhalt ſee, the Duke of *Nemours* is the Gallant to night---and Treats at his Palace, becauſe 'tis the King's Birth-day----Let me ſee, what new Fancy for the Maſquerade? Oh! I have it---Becauſe the Town is much taken with Fortune-telling, I'll act the Dumb Man, the Highlander that made ſuch a noiſe, and thou ſhalt be my Interpreter---Come along, and as we go I'll inſtruct thee in the Signs.
Pol. Dear Rogue, let's practiſe a little before we ſtir----As what ſign for Lechery, becauſe we may Nick our Wives.
St. A. Why thus, that's a glanting ſqueez'd Eye--or thus---for a moiſt Hand, or thus, for a Whore in a corner, or thus for downright Cuckolding.
Pol. Well, I ſwear this will be rare ſport, and ſo my damn'd Spouſe, I am reſolv'd to tickle her with a ſqueez'd Eye and a moiſt Hand; and a Whore in a corner till ſhe confeſs her ſelf guilty of downright Cuckoldom; then in revenge for her laſt Impudence, Sue for a Divorce:

And holding to her Face the flying Label,
Call her in open Court the Whore of *Babel.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Prince and Princeſs of Cleve.

P. *C.* MAdam, the King commands me to attend
His Daughter into *Spain*, and further adds,
Becauſe no Princeſs Rivals you in Fame,
You will oblige the Court in going with me.
Princeſs C. My Lord, I am prepar'd, and leave the Court
With ſuch a Joy as wou'd admit no bounds---
P. *C.* As wou'd admit no bounds! and why? becauſe
It takes you from the Charms which you wou'd ſhun:
This is a Vertue of ſuch height indeed,
As none but you can boaſt nor I deplore.
But Madam, Rumor ſays the King intends
To joyn another with me.
Princeſs C. Who my Lord?
P. C. 'Twas thought at firſt the *Chevalier de Guiſe.*

Princeſs C.

Princeſs C. He is your Friend, nor cou'd the King chooſe better.
P. C. I ſay at firſt 'twas thought the Duke of *Guiſe*---
But I was ſince inſtructed by the Queen,
That Honour's fixt upon the Duke *Nemours*.
Princeſs C. Nemours my Lord?
P. C. Moſt certain.
Princeſs C. For what reaſon?
P. C. Becauſe I mov'd the Dauphin Queen to gain him.
Princeſs C. 'Twas raſhly done, againſt your Intereſt mov'd.
P. C. Perhaps 'tis not too late yet to ſupplant him.
Princeſs C. Do't then, be quick, *Nemours* will ſhare your Honours,
Eclipſe your Glory---
P. C. Ha---I muſt confeſs
The Soldiers love him, and he bears the Palm
Already from the Marſhals of the Field.
Princeſs C. And in the Court he's call'd the Riſing Star:
You ſee each night at every Entertainment
Where he moves, what Troops of Beauties follow;
How the Queens praiſe him, and all Eyes admire him---
P. C. Ha! *Chartres*---
Princeſs C. Ah! my Lord---what have I done?
P. C. Nothing, my *Chartres*, but admire *Nemours*!
O Heaven and Earth! and if I had but Patience
To hear you out, how had you loſt your ſelf
On that Eternal Object of your Love?
No Madam, no, 'tis falſe, 'tis no *Nemours*:
'Twas my invention to find out the truth,
Your trouble has convinc'd me 'tis *Nemours*:
Which curſt Diſcovery in another Woman,
I ſhou'd have made by her too eager Joy.
Why ſpeak you Not? you're ſhock'd with your own Vertue,
The reſolution of your Juſtice aws you,
Which cannot, dares not give it ſelf the Lye.
Princeſs C. My Lord, my Love, my Life; Alas my *Cleve*!
O pity me! I know not what to anſwer,
I'm mortally aſham'd, I'm on the Rack;
But ſpare this humble Paſſion---Take me with you,
Where I may never ſee a Man again.
P. C. O Riſe my *Chartres*! Riſe if poſſible;
I'll force thee to be mine in ſpite of Fate:
My conſtant Martyrdom and deathleſs Kindneſs,
My more than Mortal Patience in theſe Sufferings,
Shall poize his nobleſt Qualities, O Heav'n!
No fear, my *Chartres*, tho theſe Sorrows fall,

That

That I ſuſpect thy Glory; thou haſt ſtrength
To curb this Paſſion in, that elſe may end us.
All that I ask thee, is to bend thy Heart.
Princeſs C. I'll break it.
P. C. Turn it from *Nemours*, *Nemours*----
But Oh! that name preſents thy danger greater,
Look to thy Honour then, and look to mine;
I ask it as thy Lover and thy Husband;
I beg it as a Man whoſe Life depends
Upon thy Breath, that offers thee a Heart
All bleeding with the Wounds of Mortal Love,
All hack'd and gaſh'd, and ſtab'd and mangled o'er;
And yet a Heart ſo true, in ſpite of pain,
As ne'er yet lov'd, nor ever ſhall again. [*Exit* P.C.

Enter Irene.

Iren. Ha! Madam, ſpeak, how is it with your Heart?
Princeſs C. As with a timorous Slave, condemn'd to Torments,
That ſtill cries out, he cannot, will not bear it,
And yet bears on.
Iren. Ah, Madam! I wou'd ſpeak,
If you cou'd bear the dreadful News I bring.
Princeſs C. Alas! thou canſt not add to grief like mine.
Iren. May I demand then, if you have not told
The Secret to your Husband?
Princeſs C. Ha! *Iren*----
Why doſt thou ask?
Iren. Becauſe but now---*Tournon*, a Lady of the Queens,
Told me 'tis blaz'd at Court---*Nemours* confeſſed
He is belov'd by one of ſuch nice Virtue,
That fearing---leſt the Paſſion might betray her,
She own'd, confeſs'd, and told it to her Husband.
Princeſs C. Death and Deſpair---But does *Nemours* avow it?
Iren. He own'd it to the *Vidam*, who agen
Told it to Madam *Tournon*---ſhe to others;
'Tis true, *Nemours* told not the Ladies name,
Nor wou'd confeſs himſelf to be the Party,
But yet the Court in general does believe it.
Princeſs C. I am undone---my Fame is loſt for ever,
And death, *Irene*, muſt be my remedy;
'Tis true, indeed, I laid my Boſom op'n,
I ſhew'd my Heart to that ungrateful *Cleve*,
Who ſince in dangerous ſearch of him I love,

To

To the eternal ruine of my Honour,
Has truſted a third Perſon—But away
I hear his tread, and am reſolv'd to tax him.

Enter Princeſs *C.*

Ah! Sir, what have you done? if you muſt kill me,
Are there not Daggers Pois'n—But the Jealous
Are Cruel ſtill, and thoughtful in Revenge;
And ſingle Death's too little; muſt your will
Of knowing Names, my duty durſt not tell you,
Oblige you to betray me to another;
So to divulge the Secret of my Soul,
That the whole Court muſt know it?
P. C. Ha! know what?
Know my Diſhonour, have you told it then?
Princeſs C. No, 'tis your ſelf, 'tis you reveal'd it Sir,
To gain a Confident for more Diſcovery,
A Lady of the Queen's juſt now declar'd it,
To your eternal Shame you have divulg'd it,
She had it from the *Vidam*, Sir, of *Chartres*,
And he from the Duke *Nemours*——
P. C. Nemours——
How, Madam, ſaid you—What *Nemours*—*Nemours*!
Does *Nemours* know you love him? Hell and Furies!
And that I know it too, and not revenge it!
Princeſs C. That's yet to ſeek, he will not own himſelf
To be concern'd, he offers not at names,
But yet 'tis found, 'tis known, believ'd by all,
He cannot hold it, 'twill be ſhortly poſted,
That *Cleve* your Wife's that curſt diſhonour'd She
You told him of——
P. C. Is't poſſible I told him?
Peace, Peace, and if it lyes in Humane Power
To reaſon calmly, tell me Murd'reſs, tell me,
Compoſe that Face of fluſh'd Hypocriſie,
And anſwer to a truth—Was it my Intereſt
To ſpeak of this? was I not rather ty'd
To wiſh it buried in the Grave in Hell!
Whence it might never riſe to blot my Honour——
But you have ſeen him, by my hopes of Heaven,
You have met and interchang'd your ſecret Souls;
On that Complotted; ſince I bore ſo tamely
Your firſt Confeſſion, I ſhou'd bear the latter,

Princeſs C. Believe it if you pleaſe——
P. C. I muſt believe it——
This laſt Proceeding has unmask'd your Soul,
He ſees you ev'ry hour, and knows you love him:
Nay, for your greater freedom, you have joyn'd
To make this loath'd deteſted *Cleve* your Stale.
Ha——I believ'd you might o'ercome this paſſion,
So well you knew to Charm me with the ſhow
Of ſeeming Vertue, 'till I loſt my Reaſon.
Princeſ. C. 'Tis likely Sir, it was but ſeeming Vertue,
And you did ill to judge ſo kindly of me—
I was miſtaken too in that Confeſſion,
Becauſe I thought that you wou'd do me Juſtice.
P. C. You were miſtaken when you thought I wou'd,
Sure you forgot that I was deſperate,
Sentenc'd and doom'd by Fate, or rather damn'd
To love you to my Grave—And cou'd I bear
A Rival, what and when I was your Husband,
And when you own'd your paſſion to my face,
Confeſs'd you lov'd me much—But lov'd him more:
Ha—Is not this enough to make me mad?
Princeſs C. You have the power to ſet all right agen,
Why do you not end me?
P. C. No, I'll end my ſelf,—
My Toughts are grown too violent for my Reaſon.
By this laſt uſage, Oh! Thou haſt undone me;
I know not what—This ought not to be thine—
I have offended and wou'd Sue for pardon;
But yet I bluſh, the Treaſon is too groſs;
After that moſt unnatural Confeſſion,
I wonder now that I have liv'd ſo long:
Confeſs and then divulge, make me your Bawd——
It Scents too far, the God of Love flies wide,
He gets the Wind, and ſtops the Noſe at this;
No more—Farewel—Falſe *Chartres*, Falſe *Nemours*,
Falſe World, Falſe All, ſince *Chartres* is not true!
But you your Wiſh with lov'd *Nemours* ſhall have,
And ſhortly ſee your Husband in the Grave. [*Exit.*
Princeſs C. Sola.
Falſe World, Falſe *Cleve*, Falſe *Chartres*, Falſe *Nemours*,
Farewel to all, a long and laſt Farewel.
From all Converſe, to Deſerts let me fly,
And in ſome gloomy Cave forgotten lye.

My

My Bower at Noon the ſhade of ſome old Trees
With whiſtl'ing Winds t'endulge my pomp of eaſe,
And lulling Murmurs rowl'd from neighb'ring Seas.
Where I may ſometimes haſten to the Shore,
And to the Rocks and Waves my Loſs deplore:
Where when I feel my hour of Fate draws on,
Leſt the falſe World ſhou'd claim a parting groan;
My Mothers Ghoſt may riſe to fix my mind,
And leave no thought of tenderneſs behind.

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Muſick, Songs, Maskers, &c.

Nemours *with Muſick*, *Lady* Poltrot.

Nem. HE has confeſs'd to me he intends to Cuckold *St. Andre* when he walks in his ſleep——Therefore if Love ſhou'd inſpire me to nick the opportunity, I hope you will not bar the door which your Husband op'ns——

L. Pol. Ingrateful Monſter——

Nem. Ingrateful, that's certain, and it lyes in your power to make him a Monſter.

L. P. I dare not.

Nem. What?

L. P. Truſt you.

Nem. Nay then I am ſure thou wilt, let me but in to ſhew the power you have over me.

L. P. As how my Lord?

Nem. Why, when I have thee in my Arms, by Heav'n I'll quit my Joys at thy deſire——

L. P. That will indeed be a perfect tryal of your love; come then through the Garden back-ſtairs, and when you ſee the Candle put out, thruſt op'n the door.

Nem. By Heav'n I'll eat thy hand——Thou dear ſweet Seducer, how it fires my Fancy to ſteal into a Garden, to ruſtle through the Trees, to ſtumble up a narrow pair of back ſtairs, to whiſper through the

hole of the door, to kiſs it open, and fall into thy Arms with a flood of Joy——

L. P. Farewel, the company comes, I muſt leave you a while, to engage with my Husband, you'll fall aſleep before the hour——

Nem. If I do, the very tranſport of Imagination ſhall carry me in my ſleep to thy Bed, and I'll wake in the Act. [*Exit L. Pol.*

So there's one in the Fernbrake, and if ſhe ſtir till Morning I have loſt my aim; but now, why what have we here? a *Hugonot* Whore by this light——Have I? For the forward brisk, ſhe that promis'd me the Ball Aſſignation, that ſaid, there was nothing like ſlipping out of the crowd into a corner, breathing ſhort an Ejaculation, and returning as if we came from Church——Let me ſee, I'll put on my Mask, fling my Cloak over my ſhoulder, and view 'em as they paſs, not thou nor thou—

Enter Tournon *in the Habit of a Hugonot.*

Tour. Ah thou unclean Perſon, have I hunted thee there like a Hart from the Mountains to the Vallies, and thou would'ſt not be found; verily thou haſt been amongſt the Daughters of the Philiſtines—Nay, if you are Innocent, ſtand before me, and reply to the words of my mouth——

Nem. I ſhall truly——

Tour. Say then——Haſt thou not defil'd thy ſelf with any Dalilah, ſince laſt you felt upon my Neck and loved much?

Nem. Nay verily——

Tour. Have you not overheated your Body with adulterate Wines? have you not been at a Play, nor touch'd Fruit after the leud Orange Women?

Nem. I am unpolluted.

Tour. And yet methinks there is not the ſame colour in your cheeks, nor does the Spirit dance in your Eye as formerly, why do you not approach me? [*Unmasking.*

Nem. Tournon turn'd Heretick! why thou dear Raskal, this is ſuch a new Frolick, that though I am engag'd as deep as Damnation to another, thou ſhalt not 'ſcape me. [Marg. *claps him on the ſhoulder.*

Mar. I love a Man that keeps the Commandment of his word.

Nem. And I a Woman that breaks hers with her Husband, yet loves her Neighbour as her ſelf——I wou'd fain be in private with you.

Cel. And I with you, becauſe I am reſolv'd never to ſee you more.

Nem. Never to ſee me more? the reaſon.

Cel. Becauſe I hate you.

Nem. And yet I believe you love me too, becauſe you are preciſe to the Minute.

Cel. True, yet I hate you juſtly, heartily and maliciouſly——

Nem.

Nem. By Gad, and I'll love the as heartily, juſtly and maliciouſly, as thou canſt love me for thy blood; come away Riddle, and I'll unfold thee. [*Exeunt.*

Poltrot, St. Andre *diſguis'd with* Elianora, L. Poltrot *coming up to 'em----*

Elia. But is it true indeed, that your Friend can tell all the actions of our Life paſt, preſent, and to come, yet cannot ſpeak one word?

Pol. O he's infallible! why what did you never hear of your ſecond-ſight men, your Dumb High-landers that tell Fortunes? why you wou'd think the Devil in Hell were in him, he ſpeaks exactly.

Elia. I thought you had ſaid he was Dumb?

Pol. Right, but I am his Interpreter, and when the fit comes on him, he blows through me like a Trunk, and ſtrait I become his ſpeaking Trumpet.

L. P. Pray, Sir, may not I have my Fortune told me too?

Pol. Ay—and there were a thouſand of you, he will run you 'em over like the Chriſ-croſs-row, and never miſs a tittle; he ſhall tell ye his name that cry'd God bleſs you when you ſneez'd laſt, tell you when you wink'd laſt, when and where you ſcratch'd laſt, and where you ſate o' Saturday——

Elia. Pray let him tell us then, for we are Siſters, our Tempers and Conditions, whither married or unmarried, with all the Impertinences thereunto belonging——

Pol. I'll ſpeak to him—Son of the Sun, and Emperor of the Stars——

St. A. Ha, Ha——

Pol. Look ye, look ye, he's pleas'd to tell you, but you muſt go near him, for he muſt look in your hand, touch your Face, Breaſts, and where-ever elſe he pleaſes.

St. A. ——Makes Horns with both his hands, puts his Finger in his Mouth and Laughs.

Pol. In nomine domine Bomine. I proteſt I am confounded; well Ladies, I cou'd not have thought it had been in you, but 'tis certainly true, and I muſt out with it; firſt he ſays, you are both married, you are both Libidinous beyond example, and your Husbands are the greateſt Cornutors in Chriſtendom——

Elia. }
L. P. } Indeed.

Pol. Ay indeed, indeed and indeed——He ſays you are a couple of *Meſſalina*'s, and the Stews cannot ſatisfie you; he ſays your thoughts are ſwell'd with a Carnoſity; nay, you have the Green Sickneſs of the Soul, which runs upon nothing but weighing Stallions, churning Boars, and bellowing Bulls—— *L. P.*

L. P. O! I confeſs, I confeſs——But for Heav'n ſake, dear Sir—— Let it not take Air, for then we are both undone.

Elia. O! Undone, undone Sir, if our Husbands ſhou'd know it, for they are a couple of the Jealouſeſt, troubleſome, impertinent Cuckolds alive.

Pol. Alack! Alack—O *Jezabel*! but I will have my Eunuchs fling her from the Window, and the Dogs ſhall eat her.

L. P. But, pray Sir, ask him how many times——

Pol. What, how many times you have Cuckolded 'em?

Elia. Spare our Modeſty, you make the Blood ſo fluſh in our Faces.

Pol. But by *Jove* I'll let it out, I'll hold her by the Muzzle, and ſtick her like a Pig——

L. P. Will you ſpeak to him Sir?

Pol. See, he underſtands you without it, he ſays your Iniquities are innumerable, your Fornications like the hairs of your head, and your Adulteries like the Sands on the Sea-ſhore; that you are all Fiſh downward; that *Lot*'s Wife is freſh to you, and that when you were little Girls of Seven, you were ſo wanton, your Mothers ty'd your hands behind you——

Elia. All this we confeſs to be true, but we confeſs too, if Fate had found out any ſort of Tools, but thoſe leaden Rogues our Husbands.

L. P. Whoſe Wits are as dull as their Appetites——

El. Mine ſuch a Utenſil, as is not fit to wedge a Block.

L. P. Nor mine the Beetle to drive him——

St. A. Nay then 'tis time to uncaſe and be reveng'd.

L. P. Heark you Strumpet——

El. } Ha, Ha, Ha, are you not fitted finely,
L.P. } —You muſt turn Fortune-tellers, muſt you?

Eli. And think we cou'd not know you?

L. P. Well Gentlemen, ſhall homely *Beck* go down with you at laſt?

Pol. But didſt thou know me then indeed?

L. P. As if that ſweet Voice of yours cou'd be diſguis'd in any ſhape.

Pol. Nay, I confeſs I have a whirl in my Voice, a warble that is particular——

El. And what ſay you Sir, ſhall muſty Wife come into Grace agen?

St. A. She ſhall, and, here's my hand on't, all Friends *Nell*, and when I leave thee agen, may I be Cuckold in earneſt.

Pol. Certain as I live, all this proceeded from his Lady, my dreaming Cuckold Wife cou'd never think on't; well, I am reſolv'd this very night, when he Rambles in his ſleep, to watch him, ſlip to his Wife and ſay nothing. Hey! Come, come, where are theſe Dancers, a little Diverſion and then for Bed.

Dance.

Dance.

Tour. to *Elia.* I have lock'd the *Vidam* in your Cloſet, who will be ſure to watch your Husbands riſing, therefore be not ſurpriz'd——

[*Exit* Tournon.

St. A. Come, well let's away to bed.

El. And what then?

St. A. Nay, Gad that I can't tell, for what with Dancing, Singing, Fencing, and my laſt Dutcheſs, I am very Drowzy.

Pol. And ſo am I, perhaps our Wives have giv'n us *Opium*, leſt we ſhou'd diſturb 'em in the night.

Eli. Don't theſe Men deſerve to be fitted?

Gel. They do, and Fortune grant they may—Hear us, O! hear us good Heav'n, for we pray heartily.

[*Exeunt as* Nemours *and* Marguerite *enter.*

Nem. Was ever Man ſo bleſt with ſuch poſſeſſion,
Thou Ebbing, Flowing, Raviſhing, Racking Joy;
A Skin ſo white and ſoft, the yielding Mould
Lets not the Fingers ſtay upon the dint,
But from the beauteous Dimples ſlips 'em down
To pleaſures that muſt be without a name.
Yet Hands, and Arms, and Breaſts we may remember,
And that which I ſo love, no ſmelling Art,
But ſweet by nature, as juſt peeping Violets,
Or op'ning Buds.

Marg. Than you do love me?

Nem. O! I cou'd dye methinks this very hour;
But for the luſcious hopes of thouſand more,
And all like theſe, yet when I muſt go out,
Let it be thus, with beauty laughing by me,
Songs, Lutes and Canopeis, while I Sacrifice
To thee the laſt dear ebbing drop of Love.
But ſhow me now that face.

Marg. No, you diſſemble, you ſay the ſame thing to every one you meet; I thought once indeed to have fixt my Heart upon you, but I'm off agen, and am reſolv'd you ſhall never ſee me.

Nem. You dally, come, by all the kindneſs paſt.

Marg. Swear then.

Nem. What?

Marg. Never to touch your dear Domeſtick ſhe,
That lives in Shades to all the World but me.
Do you gueſs I know you now?

Nem. I do, and ſwear, but are theſe equal Terms, that you ſhall never touch a Man but me?

Marg.

Marg. I will—But how can you convince me? Oaths with you Libertines of Honour are to little purpoſe.

Nem. But this muſt ſatisfie thee, there is more pleaſure in thee after Enjoyment, than in her and all Womankind before it; thou haſt Inſpiration, Extaſie, and Tranſport, all theſe bewitching Joys that make men mad——

Marg. Unmasking] And thou Villany, Treachery, Perjury, all thoſe Monſtrous, Diabolical Arts, that ſeduce Young Virgins from their Innocent homes, to ſet 'em on the High-way to Hell and Damnation.

Nem. Ha! Ha! my *Marguerite*, is't poſſible?

Marg. Call me not yours, nor think of me agen,
I am convinc'd you're Traytors all alike,
And from this hour renounce you——
Not but Ill be reveng'd,
Yes, I will try the Joys of Life like you,
But not with Men of Quality, you Devils of Honour;
No, I will ſatisfie
My Pride, Diſdain, Rage and Revenge more ſafely,
By all the Powers of Heav'n and Earth I will;
I'll change my loving lying Tinſel Lord,
For an obedient wholſome drudging Fool.

Nem. Why this will make the matter eaſie to both,
Take you your Ramble Madam, and I'll take mine.
But is't poſſible for one of your nice taſt
To Bed a Fool?

Marg. To chooſe, to chooſe my Lord
A Fool, now by my Will and pride of Heart,
There's Freedom, Fancy and Creation in't,
He truckles to the Frown, and cries forgive me;
Beſides the moulding of him without bluſhing;
And what wou'd Woman more, now view the other
Your Man of Senſe, that vaunts deſpotick Pow'r,
That reels preciſely home at break of day,
Thunders the Houſe, brains half the Family,
Cries, where's my Whore, what will ſhe Stew till Doomſday?
When ſhe appears, and kindly goes to help him,
Roars out a Shop, a walking-ſhop of Scents,
Flavours of Phyſick, and the clammy Bath,
The ſtench of Orange-flow'rs, the Devil Pulvilio;
Theſe, theſe, he cries, are the Bleſt Husband's Joys!

Nem. I ſwear moſt natural and unaffected—Ha! Ha—

Marg. But if he chance to uſe her civilly,
Take heed, there's covert malice in his Smiles,
Millions to one the Villain has been Whoreing,

And comes to try Experiments on her,
Beſides a thouſand under Plots and Croſſes,
Preſcribing ſilence ſtill where-e'er he comes,
No chat, he cries, of Colours Points or Faſhions.
Nem. Preach on Divine, Ha, Ha——
Marg. Let me not hear you ask my ſickly Lady,
Whither ſhe found Obſtructions at the Waters.
Nem. Fye, that's Obſcene——
Marg. Thus Damns the Affectation of our Prattle,
And Swears he'll Gag the Clack, or what is worſe.
Nem. Nay, hold——
Marg. Send for the new found Lock——
Nem. What Mad——
Marg. Do Villain, Traytor——
Contrive this Miſchief, if thou canſt, for me,
Send thou the Padlock, but I'll find the Key. [*Exit.*
Nem. Whir goes the Partridge on the purring Wing—
Yet when I ſee my time I muſt recall her,
For ſhe has admirable things in her, ſuch as if I gain nor, the Princeſs of *Cleve* may fix me to her, without nauſeating the Vice of Conſtancy—
Ha! *Bellamore.*

Enter Bellamore.

What News, my Dear, Ha—Haſt thou found her? Speak.
Bell. I have.
Nem. Where, how, when and by what means?
Bell. After I had enquir'd after the Prince's Health,
I ask'd a Woman of his Lady, who told me,
She was retir'd into the great Bower in the Garden.
Nem. The very place where firſt I ſaw and lov'd her,
When after I had ſav'd the Prince's Life,
He brought me late one ev'ning to the view,
There Love and Friendſhip firſt began;
My Love remains and Friendſhip, as
Much as Man can have for his Cuckold.
Nay, I know not that Man upon Earth I love ſo well, or cou'd take ſo much from, as this hopeful Prince of *Cleve* ——Didſt thou ſee her in the Garden——
Bell. My Lord, I did, where ſhe appear'd like her that gave *Acteon* Horns, with all her Nimphs about her, buſie in tyeing Knots which ſhe took from Baskets of Ribbons that they brought her; and methought ſhe ti'd and unti'd 'em ſo prettily, as if ſhe had been at Croſs Queſtions, or knew not what ſhe did, her Face, her Neck, and Arms quite bare——
Nem. No more, if I live I'll ſee her to night, for the Heroick Vein comes upon me—Death and the Devil, what ſhall become of the back-

ſtair Lady then——Heark thee *Bellamore*, take this Key, doſt thou hear Rogue? go to *St. Andre*'s Houſe, through the Garden up the back-ſtairs, puſh open the door and be bleſt. Hell! can't I be in two places at once? Heark thee, give her this, and this, and this, and when thou biteſt her with a parting blow, ſigh out *Nemours*.

Bell. I'll do't——

Enter the Prince of Cleve.

Nem. Go to *Tournon* for the reſt, ſhe'll inſtruct thee in the Management: Away. [*Exit* Bell.

Ha! he comes up but ſlowly, yet he ſees me,
Perhaps he's Jealous, why then I'm jealous too;
Hypocriſie and Softneſs, with all the Arts of Woman,
Tip my Tongue.

P. C. I come, my Lord, to ask you if you love me.

Nem. Love thee, my *Cleve*, by Heav'n, e'er yet I ſaw thee,
Thus were my Prayers ſtill offer'd to the Fates,
If I muſt chooſe a Friend, grant me ye Powers
The Man I love may ſeize my Heart at once;
Guide him the perfect temper of your ſelves,
With ev'ry manly Grace and ſhining Vertue;
Add yet the bloom of Beauty to his Youth,
That I may make a Miſtreſs of him too.

P. C. O Heav'n!

Nem. That at firſt view our Souls may kindle,
And like two Tapers kindly mix their Beams;
I knelt and pray'd, and wept for ſuch a Bleſſing,
And they return'd me more than I cou'd ask,
All that was Good or Great or Juſt in thee.

P. C. You ſay you love me, I muſt make the proof,
For you have brought it to a doubt——

Nem. In what?

P. C. In this, you have not giv'n me all your Heart,
You Muſe of late, ev'n on my Bridal day,
I ſaw you ſit with a too thoughtful brow,
You ſigh'd and hung your Head upon your Hand:
Nay in the midſt of Laughter——
You ſtarted, bluſh'd and cry'd 'twas wond'rous well,
And yet you knew not what—Speak like a Friend,
What is the cauſe my Lord?

Nem. Shall I deal plainly with you? I'm not well.

P. C. I do believe it, how hap'ned the Diſtemper?

Nem. It is too deep to ſearch,
Nor can I tell you.

P. C. Then you're no Friend.

Shou'd

Shou'd *Cleve* thus anſwer to *Nemours*, I cannot:
Say rather that you will not truſt a Man
You do not love.
Nem. By Heav'n I do.
P. C. By Heav'n you do? Yet 'tis too deep to ſearch
For ſuch a ſhallow Friend.
Nem. Of all Mankind
You ought not——
P. C. Nay, the reſt.
Nem. It is not fit,
Be ſatisfied, I'll bear it to my Grave
Whate'er it be.
P. C. You are in Love my Lord,
And if you do not Swear—But where's the need?
You ſtart, you change, you are another Man,
You bluſh, you're all conſtraint, you turn away.
Nem. Why take it then; 'tis true, I am in Love,
In Torture, Racks, in all the Hells of Love,
Of hopeleſs, reſtleſs and eternal Love.
P. C. Her name my Lord.
Nem. Her name my Lord to you?
P. C. To me Confuſion, Plagues and Death upon me,
Why not to me? And wherefore did you ſay,
Of all Mankind I ought not—There you ſtopt,
But wou'd have ſaid—To pry into this buſineſs——
Yet ſpeak to eaſe the Troubles of my Soul,
By all our Friendſhip, by the Life thou gav'ſt me,
I do conjure thee, thunder in my Ears,
'Tis *Chartres* that thou lov'ſt, *Chartres* my Wife.
Nem. Your Wife, my Lord?
P. C. My Wife, my Lord, and I muſt have you own it.
Nem. I will not tell you Sir, who 'tis I love,
Yet think me not ſo baſe, were it your Wife,
That all the ſubtleſt Wit of Earth or Hell
Shou'd make me vent a Secret of that nature
To any Man on Earth, much leſs to you.
P. C. Yet you cou'd baſely tell it to the *Vidam*,
And he to all the Court——But I waſte time,
By all the boiling Venom of my Paſſion,
I'll make you own it e'er we part——Diſpatch,
Say thou haſt Whor'd my Wife, Damnation on me,
Pronounce me Cuckold.
Nem. But then I give my ſelf the Lye,
Who told you juſt before, I wou'd not ſpeak,

Tho I had done it——Which I ſwear I have not——
Beſide, I fear you are going Mad.
P. C. Draw then and make it up,
For if thou doſt not own what I demand,
What you both know and have complotted on me,
Tho neither will confeſs, I ſwear agen,
That one of us muſt fall.
Nem. Then take my Life.
P. C. I will, by Heav'n, if thou refuſe me Juſtice;
Draw then, for if thou doſt not I will kill thee,
And tell my Wife thou baſely didſt confeſs
Thy Guilt at laſt, in hopes to ſave thy Life.
Nem. That is a blaſt indeed, that Honour ſhrinks at,
Therefore I draw, but Oh! be witneſs Heav'n,
With ſuch a trembling Hand and bleeding Heart,
As if I were to fight againſt my Father.
Therefore I beg thee by the name of Friend,
Which once with half this Suit wou'd have diſſolv'd thee;
I beg thee, gentle *Cleve*, to hold thy hand.
P. C. I'm Deaf as Death, that calls for one or both.
[Cleve *is diſarm'd*, Nemours *gives him his Sword agen.*
Nem. Then give it me, I arm thy hand agen,
Againſt my Heart, againſt this Heart that loves thee;
Thruſt then, for by the Blood that bears my Life,
Thou ſhalt not know the name of her I love;
Not but I ſwear upon the point of Death,
Your Wife's as clear from me, as Heav'n firſt made her.
P. C. No more my Lord, you've giv'n me twice my Life.
Nem. Are you not hurt?
P. C. Alaſs, 'tis not ſo well,
I have no Wound but that which Honour makes,
And yet there's ſomething cold upon my Heart,
I hope 'tis Death, and I ſhall ſhortly pay you,
With *Chartres* love, for you deſerve her better.
Nem. No Sir, you ſhall not, you ſhall live my Lord,
And long enjoy your beauteous vertuous Bride;
You ſhall, Dear Prince, why are you then ſo cold?
P. C. I cannot ſpeak——
But thus, and thus, there's ſomething riſes here.
Nem. I'll wait you home, nay, ſhake theſe drops away,
And hang upon my arm——
P. C. I will do any thing,
So you will promiſe never to upbraid me.
Nem. I ſwear I will not.

P. C. But will you love me too
As formerly?
Nem. I ſwear far more than ever.
P. C. Thou know'ſt my Nature ſoft, yet Oh ſuch Love!
Such Love as mine, and injur'd as I thought,
Wou'd ſpleen the Gaul-leſs Turtle, wou'd it not?
Nem. It wou'd by Heav'n—You make a Woman of me. [*Weeping.*
P. C. Why, any thing thou ſayſt to humour me,
Yet it is kind, and I muſt love theſe Tears,
I hope my Heart will break, and then we're ev'n;
Yet if this cruel Love thy *Cleve* ſhou'd kill,
Remember after Death thou lov'ſt me ſtill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Tournon *with the* Vidam.

Tour. SO let that corner be your Poſt, and as ſoon as ever you ſee *St. Andre* come ſtalking in his Dream, ſlip to his Lady, and when you have agreed upon the Writings, I'll be ready to bring you off with a Witneſs——

Vid. Thou Dear obliging——

Tour. No more o' that; away, mark but how eaſily thoſe that are gifted with Diſcretion bring things about; in the name of Goodneſs let Men and Women have their Risks, but ſtill be careful of the Main—Here's a hot-headed Lord goes mad for a prating Girl, Treats her, Preſents her, Flames for her, Dies for her, till the Fool complies for pure Love, and when the bus'neſs fails, is forc'd to live at laſt by the love of his Footmen; but ſhe that makes a firm Bargain, is commonly thought a great Soul, for my Lord having conſider'd on't, thinks her a Perſon of depth, and ſo reſolves to have it out of her——But why do I talk ſo my ſelf, when there's ſomething to do, certainly I ſhou'd have made a rare Speaker in a Parliament of Women, or a notable Head to a Female Jury, when his Lordſhip gravely puts the queſtion, whither it be *Satis* or *Non Satis* or *Nunquam Satis*, and we bring it in *Ignoramus*——Ha! but who comes here? I muſt attend for *Bellamore*.

Enter Poltrot, Celia *over-hearing.*

Pol. My Wife and I went to Bed together, and I'll warrant full ſhe was of Expectation, ſo white and clean, and much inclin'd to laugh, and lay at her full length, as who wou'd ſay come eat me.

Cel. Said ſhe ſo ſweet Sir?

Pol. Not a bit by the Lord, not I, not I——

Cel. Alas! nice Gentleman.

Pol. A Farmer wou'd ſay this was barbarouſly done, becauſe he loves Beef——But I have Plover in reſerve——Ha! *St. Andre*, hearк, I hear

hear him buſtle, O Lord! how my heart goes pit a pat! nay, I dreamt laſt night I was Gelt—— { *Enter* St. Andre *in his ſleep.*
'Tis he, 'tis he, by the twilight I ſee him— { *The* Vidam *goes in*——
Ay, now the politick head goes, it ſhall be branch'd by and by—What was that ſtop for, there's neither Gate nor Stile in your way; now by that ſudden ſtretch, he ſeems as if he wou'd take a jump, or practice on the High rope; O your humble Servant Sir, I'll but do a little bus'neſs for you, and be with you agen. Nay, look you Sir, I have as many Bobs as *Democritus* when he cry'd Poor Jack—There's more Pride in a Puritans Band, ſhort Hair, and Cap pinch'd, than under a Kings Crown. Poor Jack, Citizens, Citizens, look to your Wives, the Courtiers come, look to 'em, they'll do 'em, look to 'em, they'll do 'em, Poor Jack——

St. A. Ha! Ha! You'll tickle me to death——Nay, prithee *Pen*—Your Miſtreſs will hear us—Thou art the wantoneſt Rogue——

Enter Tournon *with* Bellamore.

Tour. Madam.

Cel. Here's.

Tour. Here's a Thief I took in your Chamber——

Bell. Ah Madam! retire for a moment, and I'll make you the whole Confeſſion.

Cel. Confeſs and you know what follows, however I am reſolv'd to hear what you can ſay for your ſelf. [*Exeunt.*

St. A. Nay Piſh, nay Fie ſweet heart——
But I'll kiſs you if I can;
I did not take you for to be
Such a kind of a Man. [*Re-enter* Poltrot.
But I'll go call my Mother as loud as I can cry,
Why Mother, Mother, Mother, out upon you, Fye.

Pol. O Lord! O Lord! I had like to have trod upon a Serpent that wou'd have bit me to death. I went to take up the Cloths as gently as I cou'd for my Life, when a great huge hoarſe Voice flew in my face, with Damme you Son of a Whore, I'll cut your Throat; you may gueſs I withdrew, for o' my Conſcience the Fright had almoſt made me unclean: but I'll to my own Spouſe, and if the Lord be pleas'd to bring me off ſafe this bout, I'll never, never go a Cuckold-making agen while my eyes are open. [*Exit.*

St. A. Heark, my Wife's coming up Stairs——Help up with my Breeches; ſo, ſo, ſmooth the Bed——What damn'd Luck's this——So, fall a rubbing the Room agen——Heark you Wife, *Celia* has been upon the hunt for you all this day, ſhe's below in the Garden, go, go, we'll kiſs when you come back——Now Sirrah, now you Rogue, ſhe's gone, come, come, loſe not your opportunity, I'll keep on my Breeches for fear——Ay? No, no, not upon the Bed, Piſh, againſt the back of this

this Chair—Won't it—How can you tell—Try—I'll buy thee a new Gown, and a Fan, and a lac'd Petticoat, and pay thee double Wages; O! thou dear pretty ſoft ſweet wriggling Rogue, what wou'dſt thou dodge me, Gad but I'll have thee, Gad but I'll catch thee; Ay, and have at thee agen and agen. [*Exit. Re-enter* Poltrot.

Pol. Was ever Man of Honour thus unfortunately met with? I went into my Chamber and trod as ſoftly as a half-ſtarv'd Mouſe, for fear of waking my Cat, when coming cloſe to my Bed ſide, methought it rock'd to and fro like a great Cradle, and the Cloaths heav'd as if ſome Beaſt lay blowing there——But the Beaſt was by the Bed-ſide it ſeems—Yes, I am, and who can help it, as very a Cornuto as e'er was grafted —— I heard my beloved Wife too—The Plagues of *Egypt* on her——Speak ſo lovingly and angrily together——Nay, Prithee my Dear—Nay, now you are tireſome—I ſhall be aſham'd to look you in the face agen! Why, how will ſhe look upon me then? O Lord—O Lord—What ſhall I do? ſhall I ſtand thus like a Cuckoldly Son of a Whore, with my Horns in my Pocket and not be reveng'd——

——*Eeter* St. Andre——

But here comes as very a Cuckold as my ſelf, I am reſolv'd to wake him, and we'll fall upon 'em together —— Allo, *St. Andre*, *St. Andre*.

St. A. Ti—ti 'tis im—im—im—poſſible I-I-I ſhou'd be the Man, Fo-Fo For I cannot ſpeak a plain word.

Pol. You're a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold.

St. A. Why lo-lo-look you, I ſaid it co-co cou'd not be me, for Sir, I all the World knows I am no Cu Cu-Cu-ckold.

Pol. Wake, wake, I ſay, or I'll ſhake the bones out of your Body, your Horns are a growing, your Bed is a going, your Heifer's a Plowing.

St. A. Why, let her Plo-Plo-Plow on, if the Se-Se-Seed be well Sown, we ſhall have a good Cro-Crop——

Pol. Worſe and worſe, why then I will roar out directly and raiſe the Neighbours—Help! Ho, Help! Murder! Murder! Fire! Fire! Fire! Cuckoldom! Cuckoldom! Thieves! Murder! Rapes! Cuckoldom!

Enter the Vidam *and* Bellamore. *The* Vidam *comes up to* Poltrot, *ſhoots off a Piſtol*, St. Andre *and* Poltrot *fall down together*—Tournon *enters with the Ladies*——Tournon *leads off the* Vidam *and* Bellamore.

Cel. Thieves! Thieves! Ho! *Jaques*! *Pedro*—*Thoma*—

Elia. Thieves! Thieves——Wake! wake! my Lord.

St. A. Waking] Why, what a Devil's the matter? where am I?

Elia. O! you'll never leave this ill habit of walking in your ſleep—— 'Tis a mercy we had not all been Murder'd——You went down in your Shirt Sir, open'd the door, and let in Rogues that had like to have cut

all

all our Throats—But for the future I am reſolv'd to tye you to me with the Bed cord, rather than endure this —

St. A. Where's *Poltrot*?

Cel. Murder'd Sir, here! here! here! one of the Villains diſcharg'd a Piſtol juſt in his Belly———

St. A. Shot in the Guts! Lord bleſs us! here *Thom.* a light! light! light! ſhot in the Guts ſay you——

Pol. Oh! Oh—Lower, lower, lower—Feel, feel, ſearch me, lower, lower ——

St. A. Cold hereabouts—Let's bear him to his Bed, and ſend for a Surgeon——

Pol. Softly! ſoftly! ſoftly—Come not near me Crocodil; Oh! Oh—

St. A. Unhappy Chance, no where but juſt in the Guts?

Pol. Yes, yes, yes, in the Head too, in the Head Man, in the Head: Nay, and let me tell you, you had beſt ſearch your own, but bear me off or I ſhall Swoon, I feel ſomething trickle, trickle in my Breeches; Oh! Oh! Oh! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Nemours, Pedro *liſt'ning.*

Nem. ALaſs! Poor Prince, I proteſt the Violence of his Paſſion has caſt him in a Fever, he dies of it——And how then? ſhall I Marry the Princeſs of *Cleve*, or ſtick to *Marguerite* as we are? for 'tis moſt certain ſhe has rare things in her, which I found by my laſt Experiment, and I love her more than ever, almoſt to Jealouſie; beſides *Tournon* tells me, the Dauphin begins to buz about her agen, and who knows but in this heat of hers, as ſhe ſays, ſhe will hang her ſelf out to ſale, but he may nick the time and buy her——I like not that—— No, I'll throw boldly, clear the Table if I can, if not, 'tis but at laſt forſwearing Play, ſhake off my new acquaintance, and be eaſie with my reſerve——Heark, I am juſt upon the Bower Muſick—

Pedro. I have hitherto obey'd my Maſter's order, but I'm reſolv'd to dog him till he's lodg'd——

Ne. Now do I know the Preciſe will call me damn'd Rogue for wronging my Friend, eſpecially ſuch a ſoft ſweet natur'd Friend as this gentle Prince——Verily I ſay they lye in their Throats, were the graveſt of 'em in my condition, and thought it ſhou'd never be known, they wou'd rouze up the Spirit, caſt the dapper Cloak, leave off their humming and haing, and fall too like a Man of Honour. [*Exit.*

Pedro. I'll face him till he enters the Bower, and then call my Lord. [*Ex.*

Scene

Scene the Bower, Lights, Song.

The Princeſs of Cleve, Irene.

S O N G.

LOvely Selina, *Innocent and Free*
From all the dangerous Arts of Love,
Thus in a Melancholy Grove
Enjoy'd the ſweetneſs of her Privacy,
Till th'envious Gods deſigning to undo her,
Diſpatcht the Swain, not unlike them, to wo her:
It was not long e'er the deſign did take,
A gentle Youth born to perſwade,
Deceiv'd the too too eaſie Maid;
Her Scrip and Garlands ſoon ſhe did forſake,
And raſhly told the Secrets of her Heart,
Which the fond Man would ever more impart.
Falſe Florimel, *Joy of my Heart, ſaid ſhe,*
'Tis hard to Love and Love in vain,
To Love and not be Lov'd again,
And why ſhou'd Love and Prudence diſagree?
Pity ye Powers that ſit at eaſe above:
If e'er you knew what 'tis to be in Love.

Princeſs C. Alas! *Irene*, I do believe *Nemours*
The Man thou repreſents him; yet, Oh! Heav'n,
And Oh my Heart! in ſpite of my reſolves,
Spite of thoſe matchleſs Virtues of my Husband,
I love the Man my reaſon bids me hate:
Yet grant me ſome few hours ye Saints to live,
That I may try what Innocence ſo arm'd
As mine, with vows can do in ſuch a cauſe!
The War's begun, the War of Love and Vertue,
And I am fixt to conquer or to dye.
Iren. Your Fate is hard, and ſince you honour'd me
With the important Secret of your Life,
I've labour'd for the Remedy of Love.
Princeſs C. I muſt to Death own thee my better Angel,
Thou know'ſt the ſtruglings of my wounded Soul,
Haſt ſeen me ſtrive againſt this lawleſs Paſſion,

Till I have lain like Slaves upon the Rack,
My Veins half burſt, my weary Eye-balls fixt,
My Brows all cover'd with big drops of Sweat,
Which ſtrangling Grief wrung from my tortur'd Brain.
Ir. Alaſs I weep to ſee you thus agen.
Princeſs C. Thou haſt heard me curſe the hour, when firſt I ſaw
The fatal charming Face of lov'd *Nemours*,
Haſt heard the Death-bed Counſel of my Mother.
Yet what can this avail, ſpite of my Soul
The Nightly Warnings from her dreadful Shroud?
I love *Nemours*, I languiſh for *Nemours*,
And when I think to baniſh him my Breaſt,
My Heart rebels, I feel a gorgeing pain
That choaks me up, tremblings from Head to Foot;
A ſhog of Blood and Spirits, Mad-mens Fears,
Convulſions, gnawing Griefs and angry Tears.

Enter Nemours.

Ha! but behold—My Lord——
Nem. O! Pardon me,
Spare me a minute's ſpace and I am gone.
Princeſ. C. Is this a time Sir?
Nem. O! I muſt ſpeak or dye.
Princeſs C. Dye then, e'er thus preſume to violate
The Honour of your Friend, your own and mine——
Nem. Yet hear me, and I ſwear by all things Sacred,
Never to ſee you more.
Princeſs C. Speak then——And keep your word.
P. C. Horrour and Death!
Nem. Did you but know what 'tis to love like me,
Without a dawn of Bliſs to dream all day,
To paſs the night in broken ſleeps away,
Toſs'd in the reſtleſs tides of Hopes and Fears,
With Eyes for ever running o'er with Tears;
To leave my Couch, and fly to beds of Flow'rs,
T'invoke the Stars, to curſe the dragging hours,
To talk like Mad-men to the Groves and Bow'rs,
Cou'd you know this, yet blame my tortur'd Love,
If thus it throws my Body at your Feet:
Oh! fly not hence;
Vouchſafe but juſt to view me in deſpair,
I ask not Love, but Pity from the Fair.
Princeſs C. O Heavens! inſpire my Heart.

Nem.

Nem. The Heavenly Powers
Accept the pooreſt Sacrifice we bring,
A Slave to them's as welcome as a King.
Behold a Slave that Glories in your Chains,
Ah! with ſome ſhew of Mercy view my Pains;
Your piercing Eyes have made their ſplendid way,
Where Lightning cou'd not paſs——
Even through my Soul their pointed Luſtre goes,
And Sacred Smart upon my Spirit throws;
Yet I your Wounds with as much Zeal deſire,
As Sinners that wou'd paſs to Bliſs through Fire.
Yes, Madam, I muſt love you to my Death,
I'll ſigh your name with my laſt gaſp of Breath.
Princeſs C. No more, I have heard you Sir, as you deſir'd,
Enter the Prince of Cleve.
Reply not, but withdraw, if poſſible;
Fix to your word, and let us truſt our Fates,
Be gon I charge you, ſpeak not, but retire: [*Exit.* Nem.
P. C. Excellent Woman, and Oh! matchleſs Friend,
Love, Friendſhip, Honour, Poiſon, Daggers, Death. [*Falls.*
Princeſs C. O Heaven! *Irene*, help! help the Prince my Lord.
My Deareſt *Cleve*, wake from this Dream of Death,
And hear me ſpeak——
P. C. Curſe on my Diſpoſition,
That thus permits me bear the Wounds of Honour!
And Oh! thou fooliſh, gentle, love-ſick Heart,
Why didſt thou let my hand from ſtabbing both?
Princeſs C. Behold, 'tis yet my Lord within your Power
To give me Death——
P. C. I do entreat thee leave me,
I'm bound for Death my ſelf, and I wou'd make
My paſſage eaſie, if you wou'd permit me:
All that I ask thee for the Heart I gave thee;
And for the Life I love in thy behalf,
Is, that thou'dſt leave me to my ſelf a while,
And this poor honeſt Friend——
Princeſs C. I wou'd obey you,
But cannot ſtir——I know, I know my Lord,
You think that I deſign'd to meet *Nemours*
This night, but by the Powers above I Swear.
P. C. O! do not Swear, for *Chartres* credit me,
There is a Power that can and will revenge;
Therefore dear Soul, for I muſt love thee ſtill,
If thou wilt ſpeak, confeſs, repent thy fault,

And thou, perhaps, may'ſt find a door of Mercy:
For me, by all my hopes of Heav'n, I ſwear
I freely now forgive thee——Oh! my Heart——
Pedro, thy arm, let me to bed——
Princeſs C. And do you then refuſe
My help?
P. C. In Honour *Chartres*, after ſuch a Fall,
I ought not to permit that thou ſhou'dſt touch me——
Princeſs C. But Sir, I will, your arm? I'll hold you all
Thus in the cloſeſt ſtricteſt deareſt Claſps;
Nor ſhall you dye believing my Diſhonor,
I ſwear I knew not of *Nemours* his coming,
Nor had I ſpoke thoſe words which yet were guiltleſs,
Had he not vow'd never to ſee me more:
By our firſt Meeting, by our Nuptial Joys,
By my dead Mother's Ghoſt, by your own Spirit;
Which Oh! I fear is taking leave for ever,
I ſwear that this is true——
P. C. I do believe thee;
Thou haſt ſuch Power, ſuch Charms in thoſe dear Lips,
As might perſwade me that I am not dying.
Off *Pedro*, by my moſt untimely Fate
I ſwear—I'm reconcil'd; and heark thee *Cleve*;
If thou doſt Marry, Ha! I cannot ſpeak,
Away to Bed, yet love my Memory——
Princeſs C. To Bed, and muſt we part then?
P. C. O! we muſt——
Were I to live I ſhou'd not ſee thee more——
But ſince I am dying, by this Kiſs I beg thee,
Nay, I command thee part, be gone and leave me.
Princeſs C. I go, and leave this Farewel Prayer behind me.
For me, if all I've ſaid be not moſt true,
True as thou think'ſt me Falſe, all Curſes on me!
The Whips of Conſcience, and the Stings of Pleaſure,
Soars and Diſtempers, Diſappointments plague me;
May all my Life be one continu'd Torment,
And that more Racking than a Woman's Labour;
In meeting Death may my leaſt Trouble be
As great as now my parting is with thee. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Poltrot, Bellamore.

Bell. COme, come, take her into Grace agen, 'twas but a ſlip.

Pol. Take her into Grace agen?——Why ſure you wou'd have her bring me to that paſs ſhe did in *England*, when my Lord *Hairbrain* us'd to keep me in awe, ſtand biting my Lips, twiſting myHat, playing with my Thumbs while they were at it, and I durſt not look behind me.

Bell. Meer Jealouſie; you ſay your ſelf you ſaw nothing.

Pol. No Sir, I thank you, I had more care of my Throat; neither is this the firſt Fault; for once upon a time, a little while after we were Married, at *London*—a Pox o' that Cuckolding *Trojan* Race; ſhe was talking to me one day out of her Window more pleaſantly than ordinary—And acted with her Head and Body wond'rous prettily—Butting at me like a little Goat, while I butted at her agen. I being glad to find her in ſo good humour, what did I Sir, but ſtole away, and came ſoftly up the back-ſtairs, thinking to cry Bo—But Oh! Lord—How was I Thunder-ſtruck, to find my Lord *Hairbrain* there all in a Sweat——Kiſſing and Smacking, Puffing and Blowing ſo hard, you wou'd have ſworn they had been at Hot-cockles——

Bell. A little Familiar perhaps, things of Cuſtom——

Pol. Ay Sir, Kiſs my Wife and welcome, but for that Zeal in her ſhogging and Butting——*Noli me tangere* I cry——I am ſure it ran ſo in my Imagination, I have been Horn-mad ever ſince——Therefore ſpare your pains, for I am reſolute.

Enter Celia.

Bell. See where ſhe comes my Lord——But you are reſolv'd you ſay——However, let me adviſe you, have a care of making her deſperate. [*Exit.*

Pol. Deſperate——Damn her, Polluter of my Sheets—Damn her. Seek, *Celia*, not to ſhun me, for where'er you fly,
I'll follow——hang upon thy knees and dye.

Pol.

Poltrot, behold——Ah! canſt thou ſee me kneel,
And yet no Bowels of Compaſſion feel?
Why doſt thou bluſter by me like a Storm,
And ruffle into Frowns that Godlike Form?
Why doſt thou turn away thoſe Eyes of thine,
In which Love's Glory and his Conqueſts ſhine?

Pol. What is this thing call'd Woman? ſhe is worſe
Than all Ingredients ram'd into a Curſe.
Were ſhe a Witch, a Bawd, a Noſeleſs Whore,
I cou'd forgive her, ſo ſhe were no more:
But ſhe's far worſe, and will in time Foreſtall
The Devil, and be the Damning of us all.

Cel. Yet Honour bids you ſink with her you call
So foul, whoſe Frailties you too ſharply nam'd;
Like *Adam* you ſhou'd chooſe with her to fall,
And in meer Generoſity be Damn'd.

Pol. No, by thy ſelf, and all alone be curſt,
And by the Winds thy Venom duſt be hurl'd;
For thou'rt a Serpent equal to the firſt,
And haſt the will to Damn another World.

Cel. But am i not thy Wife? Let that attone——

Pol. My Dear Damn'd Wife, I do confeſs thou art
Fleſh of my Fleſh, and Bone too of my Bone,
Wou'd mine had all been broke when firſt thou wert.

Cel. Why then I'll cringe no longer, heark you Sir, leave off your Swelling and Frowning, and awkward ambling, and tell me in fine, whether you'll be reconcil'd or no, for I am reſolv'd to ſtoop no longer to an ungrateful Perſon.

Pol. To your Husband, to your Head, to your Lord and Maſter, you will not Goodey *Bathſheba*, but you cou'd ſtoop your Swines Fleſh laſt night you cou'd, to your Rank Bravado, that wou'd have ſtruck his Tusks in my Guts; he had you with a Beck, a Snort, nay, o' my Conſcience thou wou'dſt not give him time to ſpeak, but hunch'd him on the ſide like a full Acorn'd Boar, cry'd Oh! and mounted——

Cel. Are you reſolv'd then, never to take me into Grace agen for one Slip?

Pol. No, I'm the Son of a Carted Bawd if I do; a Slip do you call it? what, when I heard the Bed crack with the Violence of my Cuckoldom! No, I will aſcend the Judge of my own Cauſe, proceed to Condemnation, and baniſh thee for ever the Confines of our Benevolence——

Cel. What here, before the *Vidam* here?

Pol. Yes, Impudence, before the *Vidam* and the Duke *Nemours*; nay, to thy eternal Confuſion, I will poſt thee in the Market-place; but firſt I'll find out *St. Andre*, and tell him the whole matter, that he may

may know too, what a Ram his bleſſed Ewe has made him, and then——

Cel. And then I'll have your Throat cut.

Pol. Ha! Tygreſs, cut my Throat! why thou Shee Bear! thou Dam of Lyons Whelps, thou Cormorant of Cormorants, why what wilt thou devour me Horns and all?

Cel. He that miſs'd your Guts in the dark, ſhall take better aim at your Gullet by day-light; nay, to thy Terror of Heart be it known, thou Monſter of ill nature, if I wou'd have conſented laſt night to have run his Fortune, which is no ſmall one, he wou'd have murder'd thee in thy Bed, for I heard him ſpeak theſe very words, Let him lye, *In Mortuis—& in limbo Patrum*—Where I muſt have pray'd for that unthankful Soul, or thou wou'dſt have been Damn'd to all Eternity, dying ſuddenly and without Repentance——

Pol. O Lord! O Lord! *In Mortuis, & in limbo Patrum*; what, to be toſs'd on burning Pitchforks for my Sins, why, what a Bloody-minded Son of *Belial* is this?

Cel. In fine, ſince you will have the truth, he has long had a deſign upon both our Bodies, to Raviſh mine, and rip open yours.

Pol. Why then he's a *Cannibal*; Lord! Lord! Lord! Lord! why what pleaſure can it be to any Man to rip me open? to Raviſh thee indeed, there's ſome Senſe in that—But there's none in ripping me open; why this is ſuch a brutiſh Cruelty——

Cel. Rogue, and ſo I told him——Therefore when he found that nothing cou'd make me conſent to your Murder, he Swore, and caught me by the hair, if I ſtir'd, or made the leaſt noiſe, he wou'd Murder us all, ſet the Houſe o' Fire, and ſo leave us to our ſelves——

Pol. And ſo thou wert forc'd to conſent; why then by this Kiſs, I Swear from my Soul, which might have been Damn'd as thou ſayſt, but for thee, I forgive thee——And what was he that Cuckolded *St. Andre*, ſuch another *Mephoſtophilus* as this too?

Cel. O! my Dear, there are not ſuch a pair of Fiends upon Earth agen——Why, they look upon't as a Favour to our Sex if they Raviſh a Woman, for you muſt know they were formerly Heads of the Banditti——

Pol. Well, and I muſt praiſe thy Diſcretion in Sacrificing thy Body, for o' my Conſcience, if they had ſeen this Smock-face of mine, I had gone to pot too before my Execution.

Cel. They ſent their Pages this Morning to know whether it was our pleaſure to have your Throats cut: But we anſwered 'em all was well, and deſir'd 'em as ever they hop'd to ſee us agen, to ſtir no further in the matter.

Pol. Mum, Mum, dear ſweet Soul, ſecure my Life and thou ſhalt command me for the future with as full a ſwing as thou canſt deſire, only

only like thoſe that uſe that exerciſe, let it be too and fro, ſometimes at home and ſometimes abroad, and we'll be as merry as the day is long.

Cel. Be thou but true to me, and like the Indian Wives, I'll not out-live thee——

Pol. And I'll Swear now, that was kindly ſaid, as I hope for mercy, but it makes me weep, what burn for me——And ſhall I not return, I will, I will, I will return when thou doſt burn;

Enter St. Andre, Elianor.

Nay, when thy Body in the Fire appears,
My Ghoſt ſhall riſe and quench it with his Tears.

St. A. All Fleſh is Graſs, that's certain, we're all Mortal, the Court's in Mourning for the Prince of *Cleve*, the *Vidam* of *Chartres* is extreamly griev'd——Heark you *Poltrot*, ſure as I am alive he dy'd of Jealouſie. Well *Nelle*, for this laſt care of thine, I Swear to be conſtant to thy Sheets, and as thou ſayſt, I think it will not be amiſs to tye me to thee now and then for fear of the worſt——Ha! *Poltrot*——

Pol. Ha! Bully, I heard your kind Expreſſions to your *Nelle*, and I'll Swear I'll vie thee with who ſhall love moſt, for I'll Swear theſe daily Examples make my hair ſtand an end——Cut my Throat, and rip me open, he ſhall Cuckold me all over firſt, like the Man in the Almanack, nay, he ſhall Raviſh her while I hold the door to my own deflow'ring.

SCENE II.

Tournon, Nemours.

Nem. REſolv'd never to ſee me more, and give up her Honour to the Dauphin, that puling ſniveling Prince, that looks as if he ſuck'd ſtill, or were always in a Milk Diet for the Sins of his Florentine Mother.

Tour. Bleſs me! you are jealous.

Nem. I confeſs it——The laſt time I had her in Diſguiſe, ſhe made ſuch Diſcoveries as I ſhall never forget: Loſe her I muſt not, no, I'll loſe a Limb firſt, therefore go tell her, tell her the Prince of *Cleve*'s Death has wrought my Converſion, I grow weary of my wild Courſes, repent of my Sins, am reſolv'd to leave off Whoreing and marry his Wife——

Tour. So the Town talks indeed.

Nem. The Town is as it always was and will be, a Talk, a Hum, a Buz, and a great Lye——Do as I bid thee, and tell her, juſt as you left me, I was going to make my Court to the Princeſs upon her Husband's Tomb, which is true too, I mean a Viſit by the way of Conſolation, not

not but I knew it the only opportunity to catch a Woman in the undreſs of her Soul; nay, I wou'd chooſe ſuch a time for my life, and 'tis like the reſt of thoſe ſtarts, and one of the Secrets of their Nature——Why they melt, nay, in Plagues, Fire, Famine, War, or any great Calamity—Mark it—Let a man ſtand but right before 'em, and like hunted Hares they run into his lap.

Tour. But who's the Inſtrument to bring you to her?

Nem. Her Uncle the *Vidam*, ſhe lies at his Houſe immur'd in a dark room, with her Husband's Image in her view, and ſo reſolves, he ſays, for Death. However I'll ſound her in the ebb of her Soul, if my Boat run aground 'tis but calling for *Marguerite*, and ſhe'll weep a Tide that ſhall ſet me afloat agen——As thus, I'll lay the Dauphin in her diſh, noſe her in the Tiptoe of her Pride, Railing, Lying, Laming, Hanging, Drowning, Dying, and ſhe comes about agen. [*Exit.*

Tour. Go thy ways *Petronius*, nay, if he were dying too, with his Veins cut, he wou'd call for Wine, Fiddles and Whores, and laugh himſelf into the other World.

Enter La March.

Where's *Marguerite*?

La M. She follows like a Wind, with ſwollen Cheeks, ruffled Hair, and glareing Eyes, the Princeſs of *Cleve* has found her Fury, nor will ſhe yet believe it.

SCENE III.

The Princeſs of Cleve, Irene *in Mourning, Song, as the Princeſs kneels at the State.*

Princeſs C. DEad thou dear Lord—Yet from thy Throne of Bliſs,
If any thing on Earth be worth thy view,
Look down and hear me, hear my Sighs and Vows,
Till Death has made me cold, and Wax like thee:
Water ſhall be my Drink and Herbs my Food,
The Marble of my Chappel be my Bed;
The Altars Steps my Pillows, while all night
Stretch'd out, I groaning lye, upon the Floor,
Beat my ſwoll'n Breaſts, and thy dear loſs deplore.

Iren. Ah! Madam, what a Life have you propos'd?

Princeſs C. Too little all for an Offence like mine;
Yet Death will ſhortly purge my droſs away,
For Oh! *Irene*, where's the Joy I find it here,
Yes, I ſhall dye without thoſe violent means
That might have hazarded my Soul—O Heaven——
O thou that ſeeſt my Heart, and know'ſt my Terrors,
Wilt thou forgive thoſe Crimes I cou'd not help,
And wou'd not hide?

Iren. Doubt not but your Account

Shall ſtand as fair in his Eternal Book,
As any Saints above——
Princeſs C. Take, take me then
From this bad World, quench theſe Rebellious thoughts;
For Oh! I have a pang, a longing wiſh
To ſee the Luckleſs Face of lov'd *Nemours*,
To gaze a while, and take one laſt Farewel,
Like one that is too looſe a Limb—'Tis gone—
It was corrupt, a Gangreen to my Honour,
Yet I methinks wou'd view the bleeding part,
Shudder a little—Weep—and grudge at parting.
But by the Soul of my triumphant Saint,
I ſwear this longing is without a guilt,
Nor ſhall it ever be by my appointment.
Enter Nemours.
Iren. But if he ſhou'd attempt this cruel viſit,
How wou'd your Heart receive him?
Princeſs C. With ſuch Temper,
So clear and calm in height of my Misfortune,
As thou thy ſelf perhaps wou'dſt wonder at.
Iren. Ha! but he's here——
Princeſs C. Is't poſſible my Lord?
Has then my Uncle thus betray'd my Honour?
Nem. Start not, nor wonder Madam, but forgive
The *Vidam* who has thus entrap'd your Virtue,
To end a ling'ring Wretch—That dies for Love——
Princeſs C. For Love, my Lord, is this a time for Love,
In Tears and Blacks, the Livery of Death?
But what's your hope, if I ſhou'd ſtay to hear you?
Ah! What can you expect from rigorous Vertue,
From Chaſtity as cold as *Cleve* himſelf?
You that are made, my Lord, for other Pleaſures——
Nem. Is this then the reward of all my Paſſion?
As if there cou'd be any Happineſs
For this diſconſolate deſpairing Wretch,
But in your Love alone?
Princeſs C. You're pleas'd my Lord
That I ſhou'd entertain you, and I will,
Before this dear Remembrancer of *Cleve*;
We'll talk of murder'd Love—And you ſhall hear
From this abandon'd part of him that was,
How much you have been lov'd.
Nem. Ha! Madam——
Princeſs C. Yes,
Sighing I ſpeak it Sir, you have inſpir'd me With

With ſomething which I never felt before,
That pleas'd and pain'd the quicknings of firſt Love;
Nor fear'd him then, when with his Infant Beams,
He dawn'd upon my chill and ſenſeleſs Blood.
But Oh! when he had reach'd his fierce Meridian,
How different was his form! that Angel Face,
With his ſhort Rayes, ſhot to a glaring God.
I grew inflam'd, burnt inward, and the Breath
Of the grown Tyrant, parch'd my Heart to Aſhes.
Nor need I bluſh to make you this Confeſſion,
Becauſe, my Lord, 'tis done without a Crime.
Nem. Becauſe for this moſt bleſt diſcovery,
I am reſolv'd to kneel an Age before you.
Princeſs C. Riſe, I conjure you, riſe, I've told you nothing
But what you knew, my Lord, too well before:
Not but I always vow'd to keep thoſe Rules
My Duty ſhou'd preſcribe.
Nem. Strike me not dead
With Duty's name, by Heav'n I Swear you're free
As Air, as Waters, Winds or open Wilds,
There is no Form of Obligation now;
Nay, let me ſay, for Duty: O forgive me,
'Tis utmoſt Duty now to keep that Love
You have confeſs'd for me.
Princeſs C. 'Tis Duty's Charge,
The voice of Honour and the cry of Love,
That I ſhou'd fly from *Paris* as a Peſt,
That I ſhou'd wear theſe Rags of Life away
In Sunleſs Caves, in Dungeons of Deſpair,
Where I ſhou'd never think of Man agen.
But more particularly that of you,
For Reaſons yet unknown.
Nem. Unknown they are,
And wou'd to Heav'n they might be ever ſo,
Since 'tis impoſſible they ſhou'd be juſt;
Nay, Madam, let me ſay the Ghoſt of *Cleve*——
Princeſs C. Ah! Sir, how dare you mention that dear name,
That drains my Eyes, and cries to Heav'n for Blood.
Name it no more without the Conſequence,
For 'tis but too too true, you were the Cauſe
Of *Cleve*'s untimely Death, I Swear I think
No leſs than if you had ſtab'd him through the Heart.
Nem. O! Cruel Princeſs, but why ſhou'd I anſwer,
When thus you raiſe the ſhadow of a reaſon
To ruin me for ever? Is it a fault

To Love? Then blame not me; No, Madam, no,
But blame your ſelf, who told it to your Husband;
But Oh! you wou'd not argue thus againſt me
If ever you had lov'd——
You have deceiv'd your ſelf and flatter'd me;
Why am I thrown elſe from the Glorious Height,
Snatch'd in a moment from my bliſsful State,
And hurl'd like Lightning by the hand of Fate?

Princeſs C. Be ſatisfi'd, my Lord, you are not flatter'd,
I have ſuch Love for you, that Duties bar,
Wou'd prove too weak to hinder our Engagement.
But there is more.

Nem. More Fancy, more Chimera!
But let it come, I'll ſtand the ſtalking Nothing,
And when the bladder'd Air wou'd turn the Ballance,
I'll caſt in Love ſubſtantial, pondrous Love,
Eternal Love, and hurl him to the Beam.
But ſpeak, and if a Hell of Separation
Muſt part my Soul and Body, do not Rack me,
But let the Poyſon ſteal into my Veins,
And Damn me mildly, Madam, as you can.

Princeſs C. Hear then, my boſom thought—'Tis the laſt time
I e'er ſhall ſee you, and 'tis a poor reward
For ſuch a Love, yet, Sir, 'tis all I have,
And you muſt ask no more.

Nem. Be Witneſs, Heav'n,
Of my Obedience, I will ask her nothing.

Princeſs C. Know then, my Lord, you're free, and I am ſo
Free for the eternal Bond of Marriage——
My Heart too is inclin'd by Love like yours.
Nor can I fear the cenſuring World ſhou'd blame us.
But now, my Lord, What Power on Earth can give
Security that Bond ſhall prove Eternal?

Nem. Ha! Madam.

Princeſs C. Silence, ſilence I command you;
No, no, *Nemours.* I know the World too well,
You have a Senſe too nice for long Enjoyment,
Cleve was the Man that only cou'd love long:
Nor can I think his paſſion wou'd have laſted,
But that he found I cou'd have none for him.
'Tis Obſtacle, Aſcent, and Lets and Bars,
That whet the Appetite of Love and Glory;
Theſe are the fuel for that fiery Paſſion,
But when the flaſhy ſtubble we remove,
The God goes out and there's an end of Love.

Nem.

Nem. Ah Madam! I'm not able to contain,
But muſt perforce break your commands to anſwer,
Once to be yours, is to be for ever yours,
Yours only, without thought of other Woman.
Princeſs C. Why this ſounds well and natural till you're cloid,
But Oh! when one ſatiety has pall'd you,
You ſicken at each view, and ev'ry glance
Betrays your guilty Soul, and ſays you loath her.
I know it, Sir, you have the well-bred caſt
Of Gallantry and Parts to gain ſucceſs;
And do but think when various Forms have charm'd you,
How I ſhou'd bear the croſs returns of Love?
Nem. Ah Madam! now I find you're prejudic'd
To blaſt my hopes.
Princes C. 'Tis Reaſon, all calm Reaſon;
Nature affirms no violent thing can laſt,
I know't, I ſee't, ev'ry new Face that came
Wou'd charm you from me—Ha! and cou'd I Love
To ſee that Fatal day, and ſee you ſcorn me,
To hear the Ghoſt of *Cleve* each hour upbraid me;
No, 'tis impoſſible, with all my Paſſion,
Not to ſubmit to theſe Almighty Reaſons;
For this I brave your nobleſt Qualities,
I'll keep your Form at diſtance, curb my Soul,
Deſpair of Smiles and Tears, and Prayers and Oaths,
And all the Blandiſhments of Perjur'd Love:
I will, I muſt, I ſhall, nay, now I can,
Defie to Death the lovely Traytor Man.
Nem. No. Madam, think not you ſhall carry't thus,
'Tis not allowable, 'tis paſt example,
'Tis moſt unnatural, unjuſt and monſtrous;
And were the reſt of Women thus reſolv'd,
You wou'd deſtroy the purpoſe of Creation.
What, when I have the happineſs to pleaſe,
When Heav'n and Earth combine to make us happy,
Will you defeat the aim of Deſtiny,
By moſt unparallel'd extreams of Vertue,
Which therefore take away its very Being?
Princeſs C. Away, I muſt not anſwer, but conjure you
Never to ſeek occaſion more to ſee me;
Farewel——'Tis paſt.
Nem. I cannot let you go;
I'll follow on my Knees, and hold your Robe,
Till you have promis'd me that I ſhall ſee you,
To ſhew you how each day by ſlow degrees

I dye away: This you ſhall grant by Heav'n,
Or you ſhall ſee my Blood let out before you.
Princeſs C. Alas! *Nemours*, O Heav'n! why muſt it be,
That I ſhou'd charge you with the death of *Cleve*?
Alaſs! why met we not e'er I engag'd
To my dead Lord? And why did Fate divide us?
Nem. Fate does not, No——
'Tis you that croſs both Fortune, Heav'n and Fate;
'Tis you obſtruct my Bliſs, 'tis you impoſe
Such Laws as neither Senſe nor Vertue warrant.
Princeſs C. 'Tis true, my Lord, I offer much to duty,
Which but ſubſiſts in thought, therefore have patience,
Expect what time, with ſuch a love as mine,
May work in your behalf; my Husband's death
So bleeding, freſh I ſee him in the Pangs;
Nay, look, methinks I ſee his Image riſe.
And point an everlaſting Separation;
Yet Oh! it ſhall not be without a Tear. *Nem.* O! ſtay.
Princeſs C. Let go, believe no other Man
Cou'd thus have wrought me, but your ſelf, to Love——
Nem. Stay then.
Princeſs C. I dare not—Think I love you ſtill—
Nem. I do—But ſtay and ſpeak it o'er agen——
Princeſs C. Believe that I ſhall love you to my death.
Nem. I will. But live and love me.
Princeſs C. Off, I charge you.
Believe this parting wounds me like the Fate
Of *Cleve* or worſe: Believe, but Oh! farewel——
Nem. Believe, but what? That laſt thought I implore.
Princeſs C. Believe that you ſhall never ſee me more. [*Exit.*

Enter the Vidam.

Vid. Well, and how goes the Game? What, on the Knee, a gather'd Brow, and a large dew upon it? Nay, than you are a looſer.
Nem. Didſt thou ſee her paſs?
Vid. I did—ſhe wrung me by the hand and ſigh'd,
Then look'd back twice,
And totter'd on the threſhold at the door.
Nem. Believe that you ſhall never ſee me more—ſhe Lyes, I'll Wager my State, I Bed her eighteen months three weeks hence, at half an hour paſt two in the Morning.
Vid. Why Faith, and that's as exact as e'er an Aſtrologer of 'em all.
Nem. Give me thy hand, *Vidam*, I know the Souls of
Women better than they know themſelves;
I know the Ingredients juſt that make 'em up,
All to looſe Grains, the ſubtleſt volatile Atoms, With

With the whole Miſh-maſh of their Compoſition.
Heark there without, the voice of *Marguerite*,
Now thou ſhalt ſee a Battle worth the gazing,
Mark but how eaſily my reaſon flings her,
And yet at laſt I'll ſwing into Friendſhip
Becauſe I love her— *Enter* Bellamore.

Bell. The Princeſs——ſhall I ſtop her?

Nem. No, let her come,
With flying Colours, and with beat of Drum——
Like the Fanatick, I'll but rub me down,
And then have at her, *Vidam*, ſtay you here——
By Heav'n I'm jealous of this changeable Stuff,
Therefore the hits will be the livelier o' both ſides,
The Dauphin, but no more—ſhe comes, ſhe comes.

Enter Marguerite *puſhing* Bellamore.

Marg. Be gon, Villain, Devil, Fury, Monſter of a Man.

Nem. But hear me but ſix words in private.

Enter Poltrot, Celia.

Pol. And I ſwear by this laſcivious bit of Beauty, I will cleave to my *Celia* for Better for Worſe, in Searge, Grogrum or Crape, though a Queen ſhou'd come in my way in Beaten Gold——

Nem. What then, Gentlemen, I perceive there have been Wars at home---

Pol. Not a Battle, my Lord, only a Charge, a Charge ſounded or ſo.

Nem. What was it a Trumpet, or through a Horn Sir?

Pol. A Horn Sir, a Horn Sir, no Sir, 'twas not a Horn Sir—Only my *Celia* was a little diſdainful, but we are Friends agen Sir, and what then Sir?

Nem. Come, come, all Friends, were *Tournon* here I wou'd forgive her, a litte Scorn in a pretty Woman, ſo it be not too much affected, is a Charm to new Friendſhip; therefore let each Man take his Fair one by the hand, thus lay it to his Lips, and Swear a whole Life's Conſtancy—

St. A. As I will to my *Nelle*, though I haule Cats at Sea, or cry Small-coal; and for him that upbraids her, I'll have more Bobs, than *Democritus* when he cry'd Poor-Jack. There's more Pride in *Diogenes*, or under a Puritan's Cap, than in a King's Crown.

Nem. For my part, the Death of the Prince of *Cleve*, upon ſecond thoughts, has ſo truly wrought a change in me, as nothing elſe but a Miracle cou'd—For firſt I ſee, and loath my Debaucheries—Next, while I am in Health, I am reſolv'd to give ſatisfaction to all I have wrong'd; and firſt to this Lady, whom I will make my Wife before all this Company e'er we part—This, I hope, whenever I dye, will convince the World of the Ingenuity of my Repentance, becauſe I had the power to go on.

He well Repents that will not Sin, yet can,
But Death-bed Sorrow rarely ſhews the Man.

THE

THE EPILOGUE.

WHat is this Wit which Cowley *cou'd not name?*
The rare Inducement to a perfect Fame,
The Art of Nature curious in a Frame.
Is it a Whig, *a* Trimmer, *or a Tory,*
Or an Old Fop forgotten in the Story?
'Tis Honour veil'd in Honesty's Disguise,
Or Cesar *like a Fencer in a Prize;*
'Tis Pindar's *Ramble, Nature in Misrule,*
A Politician acted by a Fool.
'Tis all Variety that Arts can give,
The Danaid's *filling of a Leakey Sieve:*
The Valleys Sweets, and the distilling Spring,
The brimming Bacchus *that the Muses bring,*
To drink the Health of England's *Glorious King.*
A Statesman thoughtful for a Clown revil'd,
A Pestle and a Mortar for a Child.
'Tis a true Principle, but hardly shown,
An Artificial Sigh, a Virgins Groan,
When the first night her Lover layes her on.
'Tis like a Lass that Gads to gather May,
'Tis like a Comedy you have to day,
A Bulling Gallant in a wanton Play.

FINIS.